

The TATLER

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London, May 11, 1932

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The TATLER

VOL. CXXIV. NO. 1611.

LONDON, MAY 11, 1932

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Price One Shilling



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK

From a study by EDMUND BROCK, R.I.

No more charming picture of the little Princess has ever been accomplished by any artist. If Princess Elizabeth were old enough to have her head turned by the absolute adulation of a whole nation it would have happened long ago. Mr. Charles Edmund Brock had every possible inspiration for this portrait, and it is good to note that he has reacted to it so well

THE LETTERS OF EVE



Mrs. DAVID HENEAGE AND HER TWO CHILDREN

A very pleasing picture taken at Mr. and Mrs. David Heneage's town house in Cranley Place. The two little sons, one of whom is a more or less recent arrival, are Simon and Timothy. Mrs. David Heneage is a very well known London hostess and is very popular in Society

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
MY DEAR,—What a change has come over the country since the days when merry Englanders danced round maypoles and pretty girls were crowned on the maddest, merriest day of all the glad New Year! Now the official date for the beginning of the London Season is marked by little else than riots and demonstrations in Hyde Park and the opening of the Royal Academy, neither of which could be described as merry, whatever their degree of madness. Though, having attended both, I can honestly say that I found more thrills in Hyde Park than I did in Burlington House. Apart from the little tussle with the police, there was some snappy repartee well worth listening to.

* * *

The Academy opened with its usual complement of hydrangeas. Have you ever realized what an important part hydrangeas play in marking the social milestones? We have them for the Academy, for the Horse Show at Olympia, at Ascot, and in how many other places besides. It would be almost impossible to imagine such functions without these floral emblems of Britain's art and sport.

The private-view crowd remains almost unchanged from year to year. So it is hardly necessary to tell you that Lady Oxford was there looking very Russian; Lady Pearson, golden and immaculate; Mr. Henry Ainley, his magnificent head bared, leading round a young daughter, who is studying



AT KELSO RACES LAST WEEK

The Duchess of Roxburghe and the Earl of Lauderdale, and at back, Mr. Taylor, at the jumping meeting at Kelso. It was not run in exactly a heat-wave as may be gathered, but it was good fun all the same. Lord Lauderdale's family seat is historic Thirlestane at Lauder. The Duchess of Roxburghe is the daughter of the late Mr. Ogden Goelet of Newport, U.S.A.



A CLOSE THING: LADY URSLA FILMER-SANKEY (winner) AND THE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL

The event is the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race at the South Notts Point-to-Point. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey rode a well-timed race and beat no mean opponent in a close finish. The picture was taken at the last one, and the runner-up has chanced it a bit. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall was Miss Josephine Laycock

painting seriously. This, the theatrical garden-party, and the Eton and Harrow match are, I fancy, the only three public functions that he ever attends. And he never misses any of them.

Other regulars included the Laverys, Dame Madge Kendal looking stately and un hurried, and Lady Mount Temple smart and alive-looking, and giving the impression that there was not a moment to be lost. Lady Glentanar brought Lady Anne Wellesley, and there was a sprinkling of pretty girls and earnest-looking young men. One less familiar figure was Sir William Birdwood, for he is not often in London now since he was appointed to that delightful post at Cambridge.

* * *

Except for a few portraits and the half-dozen or so pictures of the year which you know all about by now, the contents of the Academy might well remain as unchanged as the visitors for all the notice that is taken of them. However, there was a good deal of chat over the large panel of the Manager of the Bank of England announcing the change in the Bank Rate, though it was as conventional as it was bound to be. For, after all, the attitudes and composition of the figures

would have been much the same if it had been a butler announcing dinner or a doctor announcing "It's a boy."

Of the undiscussed pictures, I liked the picture of Cameronian standing in his stable with his typical expression of thoughtful contemplation. But perhaps that was because I happen to be one of his most ardent admirers. The famous Beckhampton bloom is laid on in shades of blue which proclaim Munnings as the artist.

* * *

And now let me say good-bye to the Academy for another year, for there are other things to talk about. The dance season is in full swing, and the sweet and twenties will be getting very little sleep from now on till the middle of July. One of the best of last week's dances was given at the Ritz by Lady Dulverton and Mrs. Osbert Vesey, who were joint hostesses for a débutante niece and daughter, Miss Wills and Miss Anne Vesey.

Among the many pretty girls to be seen there was Miss Georgina Wakefield Saunders, whose mother is entertaining a lot for her this season. She is tall and fair and very good looking, with a lovely complexion and a beautiful figure. Other young things who will be making their mark this year were Miss Dorothy Hyson, who is Miss Dorothy Dickson's daughter, Miss Betsan Horlick, and Miss Penelope Dudley Ward. By the way, Miss Ward's grey streak of hair is not, as some paper unkindly suggested, pinned on for effect. She has had it since she was a very small child.

* * *

Two nights later Lady Salisbury gave a ball for her grand-daughter, Miss Mary Ormsby-Gore, and her big house in Arlington Street was a mass of narcissi and daffodils, which made a fitting background for the freshness of the débütantes. Miss Gore is the daughter of Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, and besides good looks she possesses quite extraordinary charm. She looked very sweet that night in a dress of pale blue organdie.

Miss Wissie Astor, who came with her mother, was also dressed in pale blue, and other pretty young things included the Hare sisters, who go to every dance and who find in their two brothers a couple of ever-ready partners who do not mind being jettisoned.

* * *

This was distinctly a mixed affair as regards age, for every girl seemed to have brought both her father and her mother, and the Cecil and Cavendish families were very well represented. And the array of jewels suggested a ball of the good old days. Among the young married women the



A BUST OF LADY DIANA COOPER

This beautiful bust of Lady Diana Cooper as she appears as The Madonna in "The Miracle" at the Lyceum is by an unknown sculptor whose name has not yet been revealed

"Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries," sung in French, English, and (very tough) American.

His enthusiastic audience included Lord and Lady Strathcona, Mr. Evan Morgan and his wife in white, Lord Trenchard, the "Ruthven twins," more alike than ever, Lady Ravensdale, and Lord William Taylour. Miss Gertrude Lawrence looked enchanting in blue with a chinchilla cape. I hear, by the way, that she has just given up her attractive flat in Portland Place.

* * *



AT THE CARLTON: LORD DONEGALL AND MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY
Arthur Owen

On the "Dubarry" dinner night last week in connection with the big success now running at His Majesty's. Lord Donegall is a most industrious society journalist, and Mrs. Philip Kindersley was Miss Oonagh Guinness, and is a daughter of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Guinness and a niece of Lord Iveagh



IN IRELAND: LORD AND LADY GLENTANAR
Poole, Dublin

A snapshot taken whilst Lord and Lady Glentanar were on a recent visit to the Earl and Countess of Meath. Lady Glentanar was formerly Miss Grethe Thoresen

two to stand out most were Mrs. Ronnie Balfour, who has now joined the ranks of the great employed, and Lady Hambleden, who wore a very striking frock of yellow, white, and black. Her youngest brother, who has not been seen about very much as yet, came with her. I wonder if he, too, will take to work like the others, one of whom is conducting a band and the other doing great business furniture selling in America.

* * *

We turned up in full force to welcome Mr. Douglas Byng, who has just returned from America, and his opening night at the Monseigneur was a riotous success. He was preceded by two sailors, a gang-plank, and a very small bell-boy with a pile of sky-blue luggage. When he appeared, very coy, in a cape of caracul and ermine, loaded with diamond bracelets and waving the Stars and Stripes, the enthusiasm was terrific. I liked his new stories and all his songs, but, best of all, his variations on that well-known theme,

"Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries," sung in French, English, and (very tough) American.

A sort of spotted fever seems to have broken out amongst the smart and pretty. At Mrs. Cochran's all-star matinée on Tuesday I noticed many victims of the disease, notably lovely ones being Lady Howe in a white scarf dotted with blue, and Mrs. Arthur Paget, whose dark-blue beret was spotted with white! They arrived together, so the colour scheme was complete. The Duchess of York avoided any such dazzling effects and looked charming in a green toque

(Continued overleaf)

c 2

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

trimmed with roses. The present Lady Drogheda—better remembered as the beloved Olive May of former Gaiety days—was one of the most attractive people to be seen. And Miss Mercia Swinburne looked justly proud of her small and talented daughter, who was one of Miss Vacani's dancing pupils.

* * *

We were treated to a really beautiful performance of Delius' "Mass of Life" at the Albert Hall a few nights ago. The Royal Choral Society surpassed themselves, and it was altogether their evening, though the orchestra, under the skilful guidance of Sir Thomas Beecham, gave us some really exquisite moments. But, on the whole, the size of the Albert Hall and the volume of the choir were against them. The solo singers, too, were inclined to force at times, although Mr. Roy Henderson's rendering of the difficult part of Zarathustra was finely intelligent throughout.

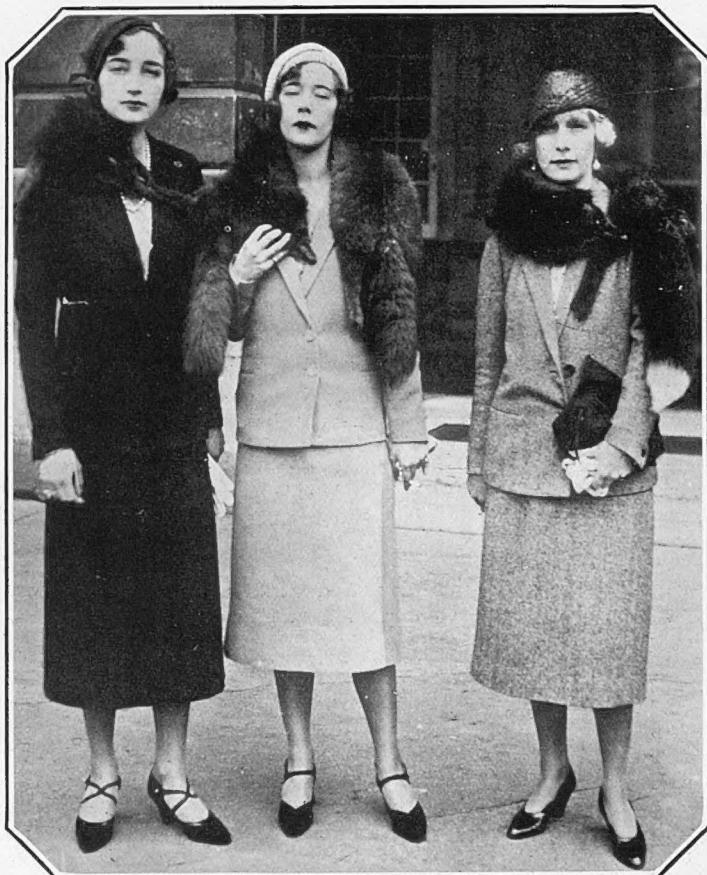
In the audience were Emerald, Lady Cunard, the Baroness Emile d'Erlanger looking very handsome in black, and Lady Dunn enchanting in flowered muslin, and the Austrian Minister, Lady Jowitt came with Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Sargent, and their party also included Miss Diane Chamberlain and Miss Olga Lynn.

* * *

I found Miss Lynn full of enthusiasm over the new series of Aeolus concerts, which promise to be as successful this year as they were last. The first is to-morrow afternoon at Lady Cunard's house in Grosvenor Square, and the two artistes will be Lotte Lehmann and Vladimir Horowitz, the brilliant young Russian who has already proved to us that he is one of the very greatest among the younger men. Arthur Rubinstein and Paul Kochanski are playing at the second one, which is to be on June 8 at Lady Wimborne's house. The third is to be at Londonderry House on July 5, when the great Suggia herself will play.

* * *

In these hard times more and more people seem to be closing their houses. Lord Lonsdale, when he goes to Leicestershire now, lives in a small five-roomed cottage, waited on by an elderly couple who have been in his service for many years! Mr. Clare Vyner, who married the Duchess of York's great friend, Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, contemplates pulling down one wing of Studley Royal, and his brother, Captain Edward Compton, has already shut up half Newby Hall, using the back door as the main entrance!



IN PARIS: LADY GRANARD AND HER DAUGHTERS

Lady Dumfries, Lord and Lady Granard's younger daughter, was married in Ireland a fortnight ago to the Marquess of Bute's son and heir. She was then Lady Eileen Forbes. Her elder sister, who is engaged to be married to the Marquis de Brissac, is Lady Moira Forbes

and Lady Dunn enchanting in flowered muslin, and the Austrian Minister, Lady Jowitt came

his mother will build a house for any number of them in that spacious garden on Campden Hill. Cam House itself belonged in former days to the family of the Duke of Argyll.

* * *

Talking of houses, I met Madame Woevodsky a day or two ago, and she chaffed me for describing her converted warehouse as an Italian palace, medieval or otherwise. When I pleaded that I was not personally responsible for the description she carried me off to lunch to the palace, whose contents, barring one Spanish picture and one Dutch person, were entirely English, mostly of the period of Charles II.

Madame Woevodsky was one of the many charming people I found assembled at the cocktail party which Miss Janet McGrew gave the other evening as a sort of warming of the flat she has just taken in Stratton Street. Among them were Lady Milford Haven, looking very pretty in a simple dark blue frock, Lady Phyllis Allen, Mrs. Evan Morgan, and Miss Mala Brand.

—Yours ever, EVE.



Dorothy Wilding
MISS VALERIE LOUISE LYNCH

The seventeen-year-old daughter of Colonel and Mrs. David Lynch, who is being presented by her mother at Their Majesties' first Court to-day. Miss Lynch is a god-daughter of the Crown Princess of Sweden after whom she is named Louise. The Crown Princess of Sweden is a sister of Lord Milford Haven. The Dowager Lady Milford Haven is Mrs. Lynch's god-mother

Newby contains some very remarkable Rose du Barry tapestries, for which Captain Compton's mother, Lady Alwyne Compton, was offered £80,000 before the War!

Another historic house which has just come up for sale is Brougham Hall, near Penrith, which belongs to young Lord Brougham and Vaux. His grand-mother, Lady Brougham, was first married to Sir Richard Musgrave of Edenhall. You remember the old story of the "Luck of Edenhall"—a magic glass found in the garden, and said to have been left there by the fairies! Edenhall itself, which is only a few miles away from Brougham, is now a girls' school.

* * *

Mrs. St. George, whose father, Mr. Baker, one of the richest men in America, left her an immense fortune a short time ago, will soon have one of the loveliest houses in London, for she has just bought Cam House and is having it most beautifully done up. She is building another house in the garden as a wedding present for her daughter, Miss Vivien St. George. Miss St. George's engagement was shortly followed by the announcement of her brother's, so now everyone is wondering whether for him too. There is room in that spacious garden on Campden Hill. Cam House itself belonged in former days to the family of the Duke of Argyll.

H.R.H. the Duchess of York has given special patronage to the Cavalcade Ball which the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan is organizing at the May Fair Hotel on Wednesday, June 8, to raise funds to complete the "Journey's End Homes" on the estate devoted to the scheme at Watford, by the Disabled Officers' Garden Homes Association. The tickets are 30s. each.

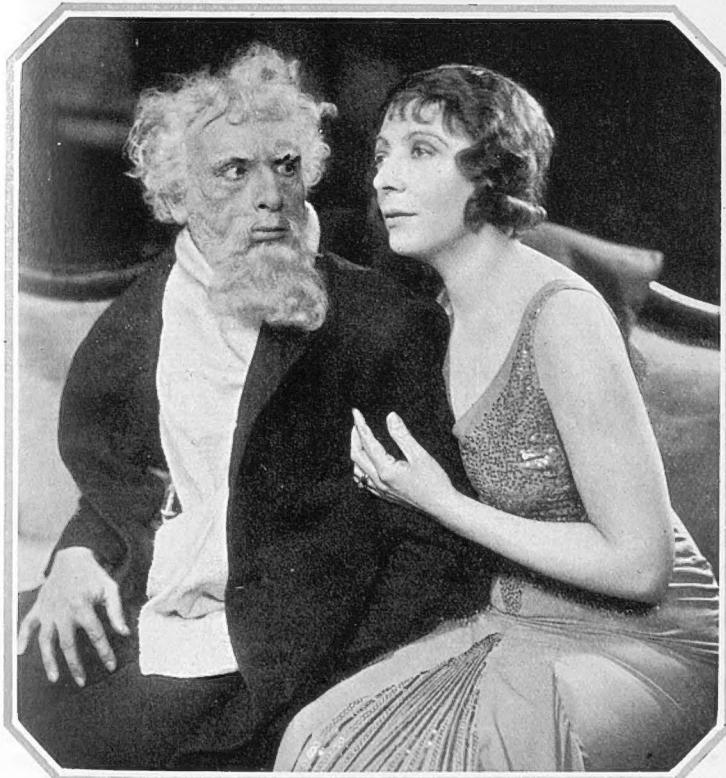
THE PLAY'S THE THING!



IN "PLEASURE CRUISE": MR. OWEN NARES (Andrew Poole) AND MISS MADELEINE CARROLL (Lavinia Poole)



ALSO: MR. OWEN NARES, MR. FRANK PETTINGELL (Mr. Crum), AND MISS JEAN CADELL (Mrs. Signus)



IN "HEARTBREAK HOUSE": MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE (Captain Shotover) AND MISS EDITH EVANS (Lady Utterwood)

"Pleasure Cruise," Mr. Austen Allen's new play at the Apollo, is the lightest of the light and all about a neglected or trodden-on husband (Mr. Owen Nares) who, suspecting his wife (Miss Madeleine Carroll) of a contemplated blue-water frolic, gets a job as a steward on the ship—of course not recognized, but why no one knows! Miss Jean Cadell plays a lady who tries to be "fast," and by way of getting the speed on she is seen saying: "Well, here's skoll as they say in Stockholm!" The play is amusing London, which after all is the big idea. Someone was so unkind as to rechristen Mr. Shaw's play "Jaw-break House," for, as is usual in this author's works, there is a vast of talking. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke takes high honours as Captain Shotover, and so did Miss Edith Evans. Mr. Ernest Milton is as magnificent a Shylock as he was an un-magnificent Othello, and his triumph at the St. James's is a pronounced one, and Miss Mary Newcomb (Mrs. A. Henry Higginson, wife of the Cattistock M.F.H.) is a most attractive and highly-cultured Portia. The production is of all-round excellence

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE": MR. ERNEST MILTON (Shylock) AND MISS MARY NEWCOMB (Portia)

The Cinema : By Lenz

MR. JAMES AGATE, in his very charming parting tribute, has disclosed the secret of my sex. But he disclosed more than that, for while I listened to his delightful words of welcome I could not but notice the tears which almost choked his voice as he said "Au revoir, Greta! Auf wiedersehen, Marlene, and A rivederci, Ruth!" There is no doubt that Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, and Ruth Chatterton were his three very special loves in the world of films. And judging by the queues outside the Empire and the Carlton these last few weeks, Greta and Marlene are the very special loves of the film-going public. But however much we women may admire or envy them, be it for their beauty, their allure, their charm, their voices, or their talent, we cannot be expected to thrill as does a man at the mere mention of their names.

Rather do we thrill at the sight and sound of one or other of the meagre half-dozen he-charmers who, in a world which provides a hundred dazzling heroines, are considered adequate for our needs. (Why, when women are supposed to make up such a large proportion of the film-going public it is difficult to say.) And one of this meagre half-dozen, the young and charming Henry Garat, is here this week and, I hope, for several weeks to come, in *Il est Charmant* at the Rialto.

Henry first delighted us over here in England as the most fascinating of the *Three Men at a Petrol-filling Station*, a film which had been previously shown in Paris under the more poetic title of *Le Chemin du Paradis*. And late last autumn he completely captured our hearts when he played the part of Czar Alexander I and his double, Uralski, in Erik Charrell's *Congress Dances*. But it was not only our stolid British hearts that he captured in this German-made film. The Paramount Company, which is now making films both in France and in England, as well as in America, was quick to snap him up, and he has now been working for some time in their studios at Joinville. *Il est Charmant* is the first fruits of the new liaison, and Henry certainly justifies the title.

The director was neither René Clair, whose name we have begun to connect almost automatically with any good French film, nor Carmine Gallone, though there are scenes here and there reminiscent of both of them. The man responsible was Louis Mercanton, who died only a few days ago, though I am happy to say that he lived long enough to enjoy the knowledge that this film was making a big success both in Paris and in America. Louis Mercanton was one of the pioneers of the cinema, and directed Sarah Bernhardt in an historic film called *Miarka Fille à L'Ours*; and he was one of the few to pass on successfully from the silent to the talking film.

Apart from a tiresome and overlong explanatory prologue, added for the benefit of British audiences who do not understand French, and which will, I hope, be cut before you go to the Rialto, I have very few faults to find with *Il est Charmant*. The recording is certainly not as good as it might be. There are perhaps a few too many processions of singing young men and women; and there is just too much suggestion of a cut and dried formula. So much action, so much dialogue, and so much singing at regular intervals, but on the whole the film is as witty and delightful an entertainment as you could hope to find; and it is full of the most entrancing tunes composed by Raoul Moretti, which we shall be clamouring to get hold of. Tunes

which give Henry Garat plenty of opportunities to show how well he can sing, and that he is quite a serious rival to Maurice Chevalier.

There is just as much sense in the story as there should be in any good film of this kind. Henry Garat is a very charming young man, whose idea of studying law in Paris is summed up when he asks himself the question: "Licencié ou licencieux?" The day of his final examination finds him quite unprepared, and things are not made easier for him when he discovers that the unknown old gentleman whom he and his wild friends woke up and raided the previous night, is the professor taking the *viva voce*. However, a pretty girl, a rich and benevolent uncle, and some quite original aids to examinees, which will be appreciated by every school-boy, see him through eventually, with the result that he finds himself a full-blown lawyer in a dusty office in a small provincial town many miles from Paris. Just how he transforms that office and his effect on the local bourgeoisie I will leave you to discover.

I had meant to write this week about *Mädchen in Uniform*, the beautiful German film which was first shown two or three months ago by the Film Society and is now at the Academy. But as it is to stay there for some time, and I have left myself very little space, I will wait until next week and turn to the Marquise de la Falaise, otherwise Constance Bennett. Did you know that her husband was called Hank in Hollywood?

Constance is at the Regal this week in a film which is now called *Reputation*, since its original title, *Lady With a Past*, was barred by the censor. I am a little surprised that while he was about it, he did not bar some of the dialogue which is extremely witty for the most part, and a little more than witty here and there.

The story is a new variation on a very old theme. Venice Muir, despite her wealth and lovely clothes, and the beauty, charm, and sophistication of Constance Bennett, finds herself a complete flop in New York society. She is so completely shunned, in fact, that she might be one of those unfortunate women depicted in certain American advertisements. But the sole reason for her neglect is that she is a good girl with rather serious ideas,

and her best friend's assurances that she is really "warm and vibrant" is without effect on the young men of her acquaintance.

By a series of misunderstandings this shy and timid maiden finds herself *en route* for Paris. There, emboldened by the invigorating atmosphere of the gay city, and inspired by the success of a certain Mrs. So and So, whose chief asset, in the eyes of young men, is the suspicion that she poisoned her husband, she proceeds to acquire a reputation. And when she returns to America after a fortune-hunting Vicomte has committed suicide because she will not marry him, and another man's wife sues her for alienation of affection, she finds that New York society in general, and her favourite young man in particular, are all ready to fall at her feet.

This film is well worth seeing because of its clever and amusing situations and its snappy dialogue. And Constance Bennett wears some lovely clothes. Particularly a black velvet evening dress and coat with a wide diamond-embroidered belt and wrist-bands, which is one of the best things I have seen this year. If only our British film actresses would take a hint from her. Their clothes so often have that "off the peg" expression.



CONCHITA MONTENEGRO

Hal Phyfe

A beautiful Fox Film débutante who is in two of the company's recent films, "The Cisco Kid" and "The Gay Caballero." The former, after being shown at the Capitol, was generally released on April 25. "The Gay Caballero" has had its trade show, and will be released in due course.

THE SPRING BALL AT CLARIDGE'S



SIR GERALD DU MAURIER WITH SIR ROBERT AND LADY KINDERSLEY AND SIR NEVILLE AND LADY PEARSON

Honoured by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of York the Spring Ball, held at Claridge's last week for the benefit of the Cancer Hospital in Fulham Road, was a splendid success. This was not surprising considering that two such popular people as Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gladys Cooper (Lady Pearson) were respectively Chairman and Vice-chairman of the Ball, and worked hard on its behalf



LIGHTING-UP TIME

Mr. D. Dixon providing a match for Lady Diana Wellesley's cigarette. The name of Clare Lady Cowley's daughter has lately featured in connection with quite a different kind of match, but according to present arrangements a year is to elapse before Lady Diana and Mr. Mollison are to come to a decision about an engagement. Mrs. Bertram Hardy (on the right), who took a lot of tickets for the Spring Ball, is Sir Reginald Hardy's daughter-in-law and very well known to Meynellites.



LORD ACHESON AND MRS. BERTRAM HARDY



T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK SET THE SEAL OF SUCCESS ON THE SPRING BALL



THE STAGE WAS IN SUPPORT

Mr. John Van Druten, the dramatist, with Miss Evelyn Laye, Mr. Frank Lawton, and Miss Auriol Lee during a photographic interlude at the Spring Ball. Miss Laye came on from the Adelphi to grace the very excellent cabaret entertainment which Sir Gerald du Maurier had organized as an additional attraction, and brought a large party with her

Racing Ragout

By "GUARD-RAIL"



THE HON. MRS. VANDY BEATTY

An impression only of the charming lady who is the wife of the famous ex-19th Hussar and present Newmarket trainer, "Vandy" to almost everyone and to all his pals. Mrs. Vandy Beatty is a daughter of Lord Southampton

ing a particularly good lunch I did not arrive in time to see Sandwich in The Whip, but a friend who arrived early on purpose tells me that he has made normal improvement, and barring being sent to the stud it is no secret that he is enormously fancied for this event next year.

One of the best coups of the week was on Mr. Sidebotham's Nothing Daunted in a selling plate, the last of this sort of event in which he is likely to figure. Though eased at the distance he ran home an easy winner, and will win more races.

An enormous amount of money was bet on Mr. Harry Cottrill's Golden Calf on the strength of a home gallop and the rumour that he had sold it for a very large sum in the event of it connecting with its race, but running green and meeting a good one in the Chapeau colt it could only finish third, causing the ring like their erring forbears to worship it. I rather forget what happened to the chosen race for this lapse from orthodoxy, but "bears came out of the wood and devoured them," or they got into some such tangle as punishment. While I should be surprised to see a gaggle of plantigrades emerge from the "birdless grove" and set about our leading layers, unless Mr. Cottrill's gallop was very wrong, retribution will one day fall upon the ring through this two-year-old. The Chapeau colt looks like being as good a friend to Mr. Otto Madden as was the dam, who won him many races. A goodish two-year-old is the Beckhampton Supervisor which, leaving her previous form

The One Thousand showed up what a very bad lot of fillies there are this year, and it is noticeable that there are only about three mentioned in the first twenty in the Free Handicap. A ridiculously short price was taken about Concordia, more especially as she was suffering to some extent from tetanus only two or three months ago, and in the event Thorne-dean, a rank non-stayer last year, came out the best from Manton. Safe Return can be made fitter, but she swished her tail when asked for her effort, and probably Orta will win the Oaks, which this year is a race very much better left alone. The winner was only left in the race by accident, and in consequence ran for the stakes quite unfancied. Owing to hav-

far behind and well betted on, won the Newmarket Two-year-old Stakes with some ease from Mannerling, who hasn't the same brilliancy as his half-sister, Atbara. Limelight again won for His Majesty, and is a good staying, genuine colt who is improving every day. It was only by a short head that the royal stable didn't bring off a double with Frivole; Akhnaton won for them, and Man in the Moon, a two-year-old of Lord Harewood's, which ran second to Chapeau, will undoubtedly win for them in the near future.

Perhaps the best-looking and most impressive horse at the meeting was Hill Cat, who has grown and furnished into a magnificent individual, fit to carry 14 stone to hounds and a race-horse with it. At the weights the race looked a good thing for Alexis, but I understand he broke down at the distance, and Hill Cat, who could have pulled a roller as well, forged to the front and won hard held. By the time this appears he will probably have won the Jubilee, but anyway he has a great handicap future before him. Sir Andrew ran in this race and is, I should imagine, a horrible horse to ride. On the way to the post he gets his head in the most unmanageable position, swallows the poker, and goes down "all out," which is not conducive to showing his best form coming back again. People are so apt to believe what they see in print that I have been at some pains to check the statement of a writer in *The Sunday Express* that one of the lads at Manton took on Orwell as a foal because he "looked so lonesome" and that his present regime included being washed and a currycomb applied twice a day. I feel that it is only right that those who have backed this short-priced favourite out of this admirably-run stable should know that on no account are the lads allowed to adopt and train promiscuous foals, nor is the animal in question likely to appear at Epsom in the last stages of pneumonia looking like the hairless dog of Mexico.

Late racing may be an awful nuisance to trainers and their staff, and it is a great nuisance as regards weekending, but it undoubtedly draws large crowds on a Saturday, unless their appearance at Hurst was due to their interest in the Victoria Cup. The field for this was very bad class, and Knight Error from a good draw won easily. Bargany, who was second, was drawn on the outside, and had too much ground to make up. He will win a good race soon. The third, Sir Walter Raleigh, is a soft, gay deceiver, and the fourth, Unlikely, was feeling the effects of his hard race at Epsom. Doctor Dolittle, who ran

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THE POT THAT CALLS THE KETTLE BLACK



OVER FROM EATON: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AT CHESTER RACES



LADY LINLITHGOW AND MR. CORNWALLIS-WEST



MRS. SOFER WHITBURN AND MR. HARRY COTTRILL ALSO ON THE ROODEE



AT LINGFIELD: THE HON. DOROTHY PAGET AND CAPTAIN BROWNHILL

The United Hunts Meeting at Lingfield Park provided some very good fun for an extra large number of visitors. The Hon. Dorothy Paget is now a name to conjure with in the racing world, and she takes the greatest personal interest in the achievements of her horses. Her Red Rufus II, ridden by Captain Brownhill, started second favourite in the Gone Away 'Chase, but was unplaced

RACING OCCASIONS



MR. AND MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY AND MRS. ANTHONY JENKINSON (centre) AT LINGFIELD



MR. KENNETH URQUHART (left), LORD SOMERTON, AND MISS RUBY NEVILL

That Mr. Kenneth Urquhart did not ride a winner at Lingfield must have been something of a novelty for him, but he should be well satisfied with his brilliant series of successes between the flags this season. Miss Ruby Nevill is a kinswoman of Lord Abergavenny, who had a horse running at the meeting. Mr. Philip Kindersley entered Moortown II in the United Hunts Plate and rode it himself

With Silent Friends :

By
RICHARD KING

A Fascinating Book.

I CONFESS that the meaning of the title "Limits and Renewals" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) baffles me. "Renewals" I can understand. Except for three of the short stories, the others have already appeared in periodicals. But "Limits"? Well, it is a Kiplingesque title and one must leave it at that. The book itself proves once again that Rudyard Kipling still stands alone—for picturesque vehemence of style, for originality, and for *Literature*; as apart from writing. There are paragraphs after paragraphs in "Limits and Renewals" which are a sheer joy to read. The enjoyment is not lessened when occasionally it is difficult to catch the main drift of certain of the stories. The one called "Aunt Ellen," for instance. On the other hand, "The Church that was Antioch" is a great story, if only because, by treating St. Paul and St. Peter as *men*, apart from saints, it increases their spiritual stature tenfold. Moreover, only Kipling, I believe, could have given us such a curious, haunting story as "Dayspring Mishandled," which tells of a man who forged a Chaucer manuscript in order to explode the bubble reputation of a fellow-writer whom he disliked, and how circumstances arose which made it impossible for him to confess his literary crime. In lighter vein "Beauty Spots" is inimitable. I have never known a pig become such an intimate, entertaining companion as "Angeline," the white sow, becomes long before the end. As for the poems which come in between each tale, most of them I could read again and again. They touch something within the heart which only sheer beauty can do. There is, for example, the sadness of a very sad truth in "The Disciple," and this, by quoting the first verse, will tell you what I mean:

He that hath a Gospel,
To loose upon Mankind,
Though he serve it utterly—
Body, soul, and mind—
Though he go to Calvary
Daily for its gain—
It is His Disciple
Shall make his labour vain.

And oh, the charm, the sweetness, and the human significance of "The Woman in His Life"! The song of a little dog who in life had saved her master from drunkenness, loneliness, and despair. Dying, she went to Heaven, where all dogs must go if Heaven is to be Heaven—

Persons with haloes, harps, and wings
Assembled and reproved;
Or talked to her of heavenly things,
But Dinah never moved.

There was one step along the Stair
That led to Heaven's Gate;
And, till she heard it, her affair
Was—she explained—to wait.



Sasha
MR. RUNCIMAN, MR. E. C. RANDOLPH, AND MRS. RUNCIMAN

At the Parliamentary Press Gallery's recent centenary dinner in the House of Commons, at which the President of the Board of Trade and Mrs. Runciman were guests of honour. Mr. Randolph, chairman of the Gallery Committee, presided, and in a witty speech suggested that the anomalous position in which Mr. Runciman had lately found himself proved that Queen Anne was far from dead!



OXFORD PERSONALITIES

Sir Michael Sadler, Master of University College, and the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, whose joint popularity is prodigious. The Oxford Preservation Trust for safeguarding its historic beauty has a most enthusiastic supporter in Sir Michael Sadler

And then, at long last, hearing his step she crept under Peter's chair, until she saw him—
Then flew Dinah from under the Chair

Into his arms she flew,
And licked his face from chin
to hair,
And Peter passed them through.

What poignancy, too, in that grimmer poem, the poem of the soldier who returned home from the War, neither honoured nor acclaimed, his name on no memorial roll! Just a forgotten figure in a mental home suffering from shell shock. It is called "The Mother's Son." I quote two verses—

What with noise, and fear of death,
Waking, and wounds and cold,
They filled the Cup for my

Mother's Son,
Fuller than it could hold.
They broke his body and his mind
And yet They made him live,
And They asked more of My

Mother's Son
Than any man could give.

"Limits and Renewals" is indeed another Kipling book which you will buy for keeps. The haunting imagery of the poems, the vigour, originality, and sheer magnificence in the use of words place the volume in that category in which your favourite books lie inevitably enshrined in your heart. Alone, for the poems, from some of which I have quoted, and to which you may add "Four-feet" (if you be a lover of dogs), the book would become dear to you. But every one of the short stories is memorable, and the poems are among the more haunting which Rudyard Kipling has ever written.

England Has Been Needing a Book Like This.

Statistics never have cut any ice in the popular imagination. Information, if at the same time it be ponderous and nothing more, is as a small voice struggling with the echoes of the Albert Hall. Nobody can hear it, and if they do it sounds boring. What is wanted is humorous irony with a clear-cut rapier thrust of truth behind it. Such a book, for example, as Ernest J. P. Benn's volume, "Honest Doubt, or the Price of Politics" (Benn. 6s.). The book is more or less a variation of this main theme: "What would the Victorians have thought of the modern habit of conferences, or the ever-popular committee? These devices for shelving problems and promoting inactivity are the peculiar products of the twentieth century. In industry they have reduced us to our present condition of stagnation. We have reached a stage when no man may do a piece of work until all his fellows have decided how much he shall do, the amount he shall charge for it, and all the detailed terms, conditions, and circumstances in which he may be permitted to work at all. . . . We have inherited a position in which the whole world

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CO-OPTIMISTS!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



He: We shall never get into the cinema on a wet Saturday night
She: Oh, shove yer coat on, Harold; we'll squeeze in somewhere!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

waited for the word of Britain. . . . It has remained for us to throw away that great tradition, and to bring ourselves and the rest down to a position where our leaders of industrial inactivity are allowed to tour the Continent, conferring with similar poverty makers abroad to decide between themselves how restrictions, restraints, and every conceivable bar to wealth and exchange may be arranged to the detriment of the world as a whole." Well, a variation on that theme is one which this country has been needing badly for very many years. Committees, busy-bodying, managing other people's affairs for them, idealistic politics, have never cleared up any mess but to create a dozen-and-one other messes which leave us worse off than when they started to interfere. In fact, there is not much hope of further prosperity until, as the book suggests, the electorate has "reached that condition of enlightenment in which a Government that *did nothing* would be recognised as the greatest blessing that could be given to an independent people." The *right kind* of autocrat is, I suppose, the best solution of our troubles. One man with the necessary flair and practical common sense is of more benefit to the world than a thousand committees letting off hot air until they have reached the common denominator of inactivity. We are throttled by Acts of Parliament composed for the most part for the palliation of the Nonconformist conscience. How I would like to broadcast the chapter, for example, which shows how the first step backwards was taken by the Ministry of Munitions when it decided to reckon profits as a percentage upon cost and thus encouraged costs to develop uneconomically in order that wages might be increased tenfold. There is far too much State interference with business. Consequently we and the future are saddled with debts for schemes which any common-sense house-wife, regarding her budget, would have realized to be economically criminal. Happily Sir Ernest Benn is no hopeless. Though Ministries continue to interfere and committees have not yet ceased from squandering, there are signs that the old-fashioned ideals of national economy, plus national encouragement of individual effort, are showing symptoms of resurrection. When a national force, however, is jeered at for being employed in order to catch out a man who happens to be selling sausages after eight o'clock at night, I shall begin to believe it. In the meanwhile, here is a wise and, one might almost add, jolly book. None the less wise, moreover, simply because it is so jolly. A Victorian rubbing it in to the present generation with a vengeance, and doing it with that half-humorous irony which is so irritating because so unanswerable. The banking system—the main relic of the much derided Victorians—alone remains to us; and how, this book pointedly asks, should we be able to get on without it? It is the individualist's rock of ages. Without it we should perish among a State-supervised ruin. Capitalism may have failed, but equally so has Socialism. Practical Common-sensism will be the world's only salvation. But how politicians and cranks and committees and all the vast army of 'ism-seeking busybodies hate it! Without it they would, of course, be robbed

of their war cries and their hysterics. Doubtless they would be miserable, but at least the human world could then get on with humanity's own job.

* * *

An Entirely Different Novel.

"*An Entirely Different Woman*" (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.), by George Froeschel, is also an entirely different novel, if a theme makes all the difference. Briefly, it is a clever study in pathology, which would have been more effective still had the writer's imagination been able to leave the laboratory and get into the labyrinth of the human heart. Consequently, the mind is stirred all the time, but the emotions remain quiescent, simply because the case of Irene Lipshey is never more than a medical case. The theme, however, is this: "The relations that develop after (blood) transfusions may be at variance with all moral laws; they are formed without regard to loyalty, honour, shame, and duty. The passion of the receiver, to whom such intense emotions towards the donor were injected, is boundless, terrible in its strength and its violence, superhuman and mysterious as though aroused by a love potion." Consequently, Irene, after receiving a transfusion of Ottokar Jugot's blood, the necessity arising after a terrible aeroplane accident, becomes in her own words, "an entirely different woman." Jugot is a thief and a swindler of the worst type; that is on a large international scale. Nevertheless, after the transfusion Irene is carried away by a physical attraction for him; leaves her happy, elegant home and the husband who loves her, to follow her lover, even joining in his criminal enterprises. Yet all the time she knows that she is prostituting herself, squandering all the most precious gifts of her life. Despite this she cannot help herself. The novel is an extremely interesting one, and only just misses being a very fine one indeed. Nevertheless, because of this little less, it leaves one cold. Irene and her problem are too much of a medical case, and too little of a moving, terrible, human tragedy. Read this book all the same.



"If the police keep on closing the night clubs, it will end by our having to spend our nights in bed!"

A Delightful Novel!

When Robin Bayne, the successful writer, took the vicarage of Little Chalfont, he did so in the belief that the village would give him any amount of entertaining matter, relics of Victorianism to be "guyed" from modern standards. His London friends looked forward to a ridiculously amusing book. Alas! Robin, who came to scoff, remained to respect. The story is just the story of this month's experience, but in it Robin comes face to face with love and death and real sorrow. His amusing book is consequently never written. On the contrary, he discovers in the village the fundamentals of life for the first time. He arrived to patronize, he left humbled and ashamed, but with something beautiful stirring deep down in his heart. It is a charming story, told sincerely and not without real emotion; but it is also amusing, especially when it describes rural society; but even here it is not unkind. I think you will like "*Country Air*" (Constable. 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Guy Rawlence. It has real charm and a quite unusual freshness.



THE HIGH WIRE

By Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A.

One of a large number of pictures and studies by this famous artist which were on view at the recent Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, where over forty of Dame Laura Knight's and fifty-nine of Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's were part of a most interesting collection. Dame Laura Knight's fondness for selecting her models from the circus ring, of course, is well known, and this picture is a very typical one

POLO NOTES : By "SERREFILE"

AT the time of writing, polo in London has not started, because all the grounds have been and still are in far too soggy a condition, and as we have so few, the polo managers at the three clubs are not anxious to take any undue risks. If we had as many grounds as they have at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club at Norton, Wilts, then it would not matter so much if one or two were turned into ploughed fields, but we are strictly limited and cannot, therefore, afford ourselves any luxuries. The Whitney Cup is due to commence on the 7th and the final is supposed to be played on the 21st; but if Mr. Buchan and a few other weather tipsters are as right as usual, we shall be lucky if we get any real polo weather till June is upon us. Of course, now that all over-seas operations have been postponed till 1934, the possibility of a wet season is not so serious as it would be if we had to challenge America next year, but this quite apart, slow polo on spongy grounds does no-one's game any good and quite often is destructive of confidence, which of course is a bad thing. However, there is nothing gained by meeting our bridges, and whatever the weather in store it cannot well be worse than we got last season, and the one before for that matter.

* * *

We can seek for reasons why we are always so handicapped in any over-seas operations, and seek till we are tired, but the real bed-rock trouble is this rainy island. You could not train a team of cock angels to play the racing-paced game necessary to beat the Americans on the grounds that we are forced to face in London almost all throughout the season. We are on clay, and most times after an even moderate bit of rain the going is absolutely bird-liming, and there is no use trying to get away from the fact. At the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club, near Malmesbury, the subsoil is much less inclined to harbour the water, and therefore the going is definitely better as a rule; and there is this further to it that, as they have eleven grounds plus a practice one, a team that has got to be put through it because there is no time to waste could have a newly-rolled ground every day of the week, with plenty of "spares" over. Not that I think it is good for a team that has got to go to serious war to have its battle-practice on a slow ground at any time, but the Beaufort Club seems to me to be the only emergency exit for the training in England of any future International team, whether for that Westchester Cup or the International Army Cup. In any case, I am, personally, all for a complete alteration in the time-table; that is to say, play the team here as late on as you can, ship the ponies, and the men too, if possible, either early or mid-February the following year, and finish off the training in the actual theatre of war—California for choice. It seems unfair on both the team and those who work so hard at the staff-end of the job, including the ponies, to compel it all to be brought to naught because of this

unaccommodating climate of ours. The amount of real hard work put in over that 1930 effort, for instance, I happen to know; but it was never accorded its well-deserved reward. Neither a better team nor better ponies beat us. It was Jupe Pluvius, the demd damp moist and unpleasant old spoil sport!

* * * * *

And à propos the polo game generally and its prospects, I have received a somewhat contentious letter from someone who knows all about it and is a whole-hearted enthusiast. He says that he allows that at the moment hard times are going to keep a few people out of the game, but he suggests that even before people began to be as severely taxed as they now are, that the real trouble was what he calls the insidious creeping in of "professionalism." Of course, most of us know exactly what my distinguished correspondent means, and have heard a good deal

in our time about the hired assassin and so forth; but it is a very difficult thing for me or for anyone else to write about it. My friend says "... it was professionalism which made X chuck the game, and there are many many others the same way of thinking. I make out there are at least ten to twelve people who all ran teams and kept from twenty to thirty ponies all gone out of the game during the last few years for the same reason." Since the advent of these race-horses on which the game is played to-day things have altered undoubtedly, but the wheel usually comes full circle even if the old problem of the brass pot and the earthenware pot having a bumping match down the same stream is never likely to be solved. Anyway, the more everyone tries to keep people from



THE 15TH LANCERS, WINNERS OF THE INDIAN INTER-REGIMENTAL

The names of this team, which won from a good entry of eight, are Major E. G. Atkinson, Lieutenant W. W. Loring, Captain J. A. Greenway, and Captain C. E. Pert. They beat the 15th/19th Hussars in the final. A reference to the game will be found in these notes

scrapping the better. I do not think there was any "professionalism" about our 1930 expedition in spite of a published opinion that it devolved into another horse-dealing stunt, but at the same time I do understand at what my friend who writes to me is driving, only I am not going to publish any names which are mentioned because that would be the height of indiscretion. It is also not fair to call selling the ponies to help cover expenses a horse-dealing stunt; but I think it is a pity to let the enemy acquire such valuable ammunition.

* * * * *

The Indian Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament, 1932, this year drew eight entries, and the winners were the 15th Lancers—(1) Captain J. A. Greenway, (2) Captain C. E. Pert, (3) Mr. W. W. Loring, (4) Major E. G. Atkinson—with a total handicap of 23 goals. The entries included the Central India Horse, who were beaten by the 10th Hussars, who in turn were beaten by the 15th Lancers. The 15th/19th Hussars and 15th Lancers reached the final, and the latter won after a real good game. This tournament, as most soldiers know, is played at Meerut. The 15th Lancers were originally the 17th Cavalry and the 37th Lancers, both good polo regiments. The former

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Revonde

Lady Ankaret Jackson

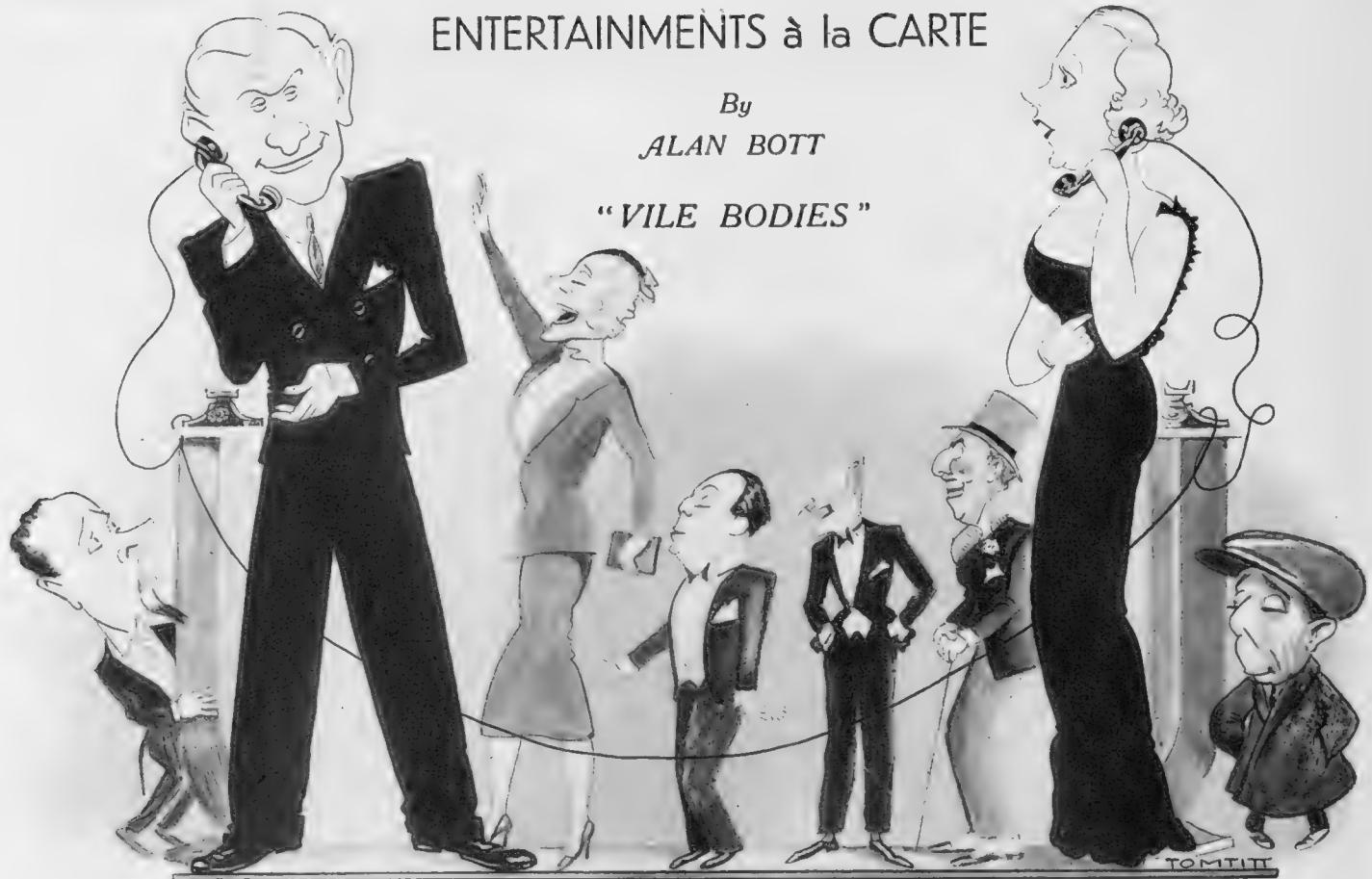
An unconventional study of a particularly intelligent personality, who belongs to the select band of women barristers and lives in Chelsea. Lady Ankaret Jackson, the second of Lord Carlisle's three sisters, married Mr. William Jackson in 1927, and has a son called Thomas. Her husband is a kinsman of Sir Henry Mather-Jackson, a well-known landowner in Monmouthshire

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT

"VILE BODIES"



SHADOW PARADE FROM THE 1920'S: L. TO R., LORD ("MR. CHATTERBOX") BALCAIRN OF THE "DAILY EXCESS," ADAM ("FUTILITY") SYMES, MRS. MELROSE ("HOT GOSPEL") APE, MILES MALPRACTICE, CAPTAIN GINGER ("TOPPING") LITTLEJOHN, THE MAJOR, NINA ("NITWIT"), BLOUNT, AND ARTHUR, A HOI-POLLOI CHANNEL-CROSSER

THE waves that slam against the porthole of a Channel steamer form the most actual thing in *Vile Bodies*, at the Vaudeville. For the rest, where are now the flamboyants, where the fruity futilities, where are the smells of yesteryear? Mrs. Melrose Ape, the American Hot Gospeller, is on the heaving ship. So is her team of angels, bound for revivalism at the Albert Hall (Chastity has been willingly manhandled on the train from Paris). So are Agatha Runcible, Miles Malpractice, and Adam Symes.

Agatha's turn for unwilling manhandling comes at the Dover Customs House, where the search for her presumed jewels is positively surgical, as you remember from Mr. Evelyn Waugh's brilliant book. And the Customs officer, who, being a married man, claims to know dirt when he sees it, burns as of old Adam's autobiography, but only after his chief has finished reading it.

This much is satire that can appear up to date at any time. So, even, with the queer doings at Lottie Crump's hotel in Dover Street. I have seen, at a Jermyn Street hotel, happenings almost as odd as the winning of £1000 by one stranger from another, and the money's quick transfer to a drunken unknown who promises to put it on a remote horse (when the *Vile Bodies* novel appeared, the hearty proprietress of this place said she had never met young Evelyn Woa, whom she bracketed with Lord Castlerosse in a series of Men She Didn't Want to Know).

One rubs the eyes with surprise, though, that the background should seem so far away when it moves into the parties of Archie Schwert and Lady Metroland, and on to the nursing home where cocktail and gramophone doings finish off Agatha, who has concussed her silly head at eighty miles an hour. Where are they now, the so brightly vague ones of 1929? The winds have blown them all away. Only three years, and so much gone. New slang, new attitudes, new post-debs, that twitter otherwise, long dresses, a new decade with an altered mass-mood; and these

wild wanderers have either grown out of, or been blown out of, their little limelight. We do not miss them, but with them the times have shed a wan, quaint childhood that amused in spasms.

Captain Ginger Littlejohn, home from the East to court Adam's Nina, says she is "topping," whereat somebody calls him quite mediæval (*how* Mr. Waugh dislikes the captains and majors from 1914-18—he regards them in terms of Mr. Gilbert Frankau's *Masterson—A Story of a Gentleman* advertised on a background of the Union Jack). Yet Adam's inconstancy and Agatha's jabberwocky, not to mention the Miles's scented languor, seem in flesh and blood portrayal to be quite Queen Anne.

It would have been said by most technicians that Mr. Waugh's picaresque novel could not have been given enough cohesion for the stage. Mr. Dennis Bradley thought otherwise, and while his version may not convince everybody that he was right, he was obstructed as much by the Censor as by his difficult job (a Censor-inspired Commentator mouths lines which are no more useful than something from a Latin grammar would be—say, with one eye on Miles and Archie, "common are to either sex, Artifex and Opifex"). But his adaptation is polished, and as deft as it well could be; and the dialogue flashes like the guns in the next war, when the pound has slumped and Adam finally receives at the front, too late to marry Nina, his cash from the drunken major from Lottie Crump's.

The same translation difficulties denied chances to many of the huge cast. Exceptions are the Adam, Nina, Ginger, Miles, and Chastity, well done respectively by Robert Douglas, Eileen Peel, Kynaston Reeves, Esme Percy, and Nadine March; and especially Athole Stewart's gem of a Colonel Blount. Apart from the old Colonel, all the parts might have been more glamorous had the production been in period costume—knee-length skirts, Eton crops, and double-breasted waistcoats, with "Yes, We Have No Bananas" as incidental music for the fine old-world vulgarity.



ATHOLE STEWART AS COLONEL ("FILM FAN") BLOUNT

MATE IN ONE MOVE.



See Mr. Elmer Rice's Naples, and cry with laughter when the two chess-players in *See Naples and Die* bump off the Russian prince and the Rumanian general. Tom Titt, who is witty in caricature, but my enemy as a space-robbing, has left so little room this week that I can do no more than write around his decoration.

Scene, an Albergo-Pensione at Capo di Sorrento: a very Neapolitan terrace, bougainvillæa surrounding Mussolini's profile on the wall, guitar-strumming by the proprietor, Yankee visitors and Central Europe exotics, all rather batty for the Mediterranean occasion.

The moment shown here by the caricaturist is startlingly funny. Through two and a half acts, the two silent chess-players have made but one move every twenty minutes. They



rest of this comedy-farce, which appears to be making money at the Little Theatre in defiance of prediction. It seemed to me an extravaganza concocted for his own amusement by a New York playwright on European holiday, and dependent for most of its humour upon American wisecracks.

Mr. Elmer Rice has done one thing without question: he has written fourteen good character parts, all of which are suitably acted, with a double star for Olive Blakeney and Bernard Nedell (both bottom left) and Anthony Holles (top right). Much of the comedy, however, derives from verbal crackling such as this, concerning the general:

"His enemies call him the butcher of Transylvania."

"Is there such a place?"

"There must be, else how can he be the butcher of it?"

"I see your point."

And the American princess, having called the general's mistress "Queen of the Abattoirs," supposes that she must be turning vegetarian, because she is about to leave him with the princess's one-time fiancé. If that amuses you a lot, you will be highly amused by the slick dialogue, as well as by the prince-plugging in the last act.

A ZIEGFELD BELLE IN VIENNA
Manasse

Miss Doris Jackson, the attractive Ziegfeld Folly, who is at present scoring a success in the musical extravaganza which is the latest theatrical attraction of Vienna. There is no known record of a Ziegfeld Folly who has not been as pretty as a picture, as the saying goes

of the Gloves," Gervex's "Rola," Gustave Moreau's "Prétendants" (very messy, surely!), Fantin-Latour's "Studio Scene," in which every Tom, Dick and Harry is proud to be able to point out the portraits of Zola, Renoir and Monet—unless they mean Manet! Manet's "Bar des Folies-Bergère" causes the surviving *vieux marcheurs* (few of their kind remain nowadays) to sigh and murmur regretfully: "*C'était le bon temps!*" Bastien Lepage's apathetic peasant girl is as sod-ish as ever; but I am bothered if I can recognise, or rather remember, either of the two canvasses that are due to Puvis de Chavannes.

For the remainder, the immense remainder, the Salon seems to me to be much-of-a-muchness with the Salons of preceding years. Perhaps the portraits are finer than usual. There are, of course, the two inevitable Etcheverrys that always belong to the school of Speaking Likeness, and make one feel somewhat embarrassed when one stares at them. What an advertisement, also, this painter would be for a silk manufacturer! The Lyons expert could tell at a glance the exact grade of

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER — This year the Salon des Artistes Français celebrates its fiftieth anniversary by exhibiting — *en rétrospective* — many of the famous pictures of the semi-century that have since become, in reproduction, household gods. In the big room (Salle I.) at the top of the double stair-case leading up from the Sculpture section on the ground floor of the Grand Palais one finds such "old familiar friends" as Carolus Duran's "Lady

satin or velvet employed by the dress-maker. An old friend is Mr. Maurice Codner's picture of Mr. Seymour Hicks in "The Man in Dress Clothes." "Mme. la Duchesse de Guise," painted by M. Jules Cayron, is a full-length and very official portrait of a very gracious lady, and, O Boy! what sapphires in her tiara! John Phillip's "Professor Albert Einstein" is one of those portraits that no family of note can afford to be without . . . future little Einsteins will be mightily proud of it.

A pastel study of beautiful Mlle. Jeanne Provost, of the Comédie Française, by Duflos, is as charming as the model herself; but I have a quarrel to pick with Mlle. Semenoff, who is responsible for an excellent likeness of Mme. Geneviève Vix (Princesse Kyrille Narichkine), of Grand Opera fame; because she had toned down her model's gorgeous, flamboyant hair to a mere russet brown. Miss Zinkeisen's portrait of Miss Ursula Jeans is a lovely, luminous composition which makes her French admirers voice the cliché: "Quand les Anglaises se mettent à être belles. . . !"

There are also all the usual *vaste* canvases that crop up every year; the same old subjects that have been worked to death. There are at least two "Horsemen of the Apocalypse," one of which, by Konrad, has already been reproduced in these pages. Walhain's "Louis XVII. au Temple" will wring tears from the stoniest heart; no child's expression has ever been so yearning since "Bubbles" (by Mr. Pearsoo—as a young friend since informed me!); but though the artist may be a moving painter, I question his historical accuracy; the sheets on the unfortunate Royal infant's bed are as spotless as they might have been in the Palace of the Louvre itself.

A marine study by a British artist, Mr. John A. Watson, whose work at the *Independants* I wrote about this winter, is an attractive picture (it has the honours of reproduction in the catalogue), and I wish I could discourse learnedly upon it. His pictures have obtained flattering comments from Them-as-Knows, not that I myself really know—in the proper sense of the word—anything about such matters. My test of a picture is whether I could bear to live with it on my walls. Where Watson is concerned my answer is an emphatic "Yes"! I like the solid quality of his work and the luminous greys of his skies. Maybe he gets his strength from grandpapa, who was Sir John Watson, founder and first President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and also, incidentally, the first foreign artist to be awarded the Salon's gold medal.

In the section of the Salon devoted to the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts there is Van Dongen's curious portrait of the dancer Alanova, who has a strange way of wearing her hat, exactly as if it were a halo. Jean Gabriel Domergue's inevitable "Lady with the Greyhounds" is the languorous piece of work that one always expects from that most decorative of artists, and his portrait of Mme. Hériot in a white evening dress, with a reefer jacket thrown over her shoulders, against a marine background, is the finest piece of work he has done for quite a while. He has also two head studies of that exquisite little creature, Edith Méra, a young actress who has made rather a stir both on the stage and the screen. In fact, the Salon is well worth its gate-money this year! PRISCILLA.

Mlle. COLETTE DE JOUVENEL
Alban Parre
The 18-year-old daughter of Mme. Colette, the great novelist, and Senator de Jouvenel. Mlle. de Jouvenel—known to her intimates as "Belgazou"—intends to make her career in Cinema—the technical side, be it added—and has made her debut as assistant Camera "man" in Solange Bussi's version of Mme. Colette's "La Vagabonde."

A WONDERFUL DUBARRY "CREATION"



MISS ANNY AHLERS, WHOSE DUBARRY HAS TAKEN LONDON BY STORM

Whether the Dubarry of real life was a dainty little bit of Fragonard, or whether she was a lady with flaming red hair, hoydenish and what they call "dashing," matters nothing to anyone who has come under the spell of this wonderful young actress from Vienna, because they will see and hear only Anny Ahlers, and will not care at all what the real Dubarry was like. It is no exaggeration to say that this young woman has swept her audiences clean off their feet, and good all round as are the cast and the production at His Majesty's, it is this Titian-haired whirlwind of a heroine that people are flocking to see.

Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street



PRIVATE VIEWERS



MISS ANN CHARTERIS



MRS. JOHNSTON



Early Visitors to Burlington House

As is the case year after year, notabilities were so prevalent at the Private View of the Royal Academy that the pictures were practically invisible. Fashion, however, made a brave show, and gave further proof, if proof were needed, that Victorianism has definitely gone to the head

THE RT. HON. WILLIAM AND LADY BEATRICE
ORMSBY-GORE AND THEIR ELDEST DAUGHTER

WITH LADY ANNE WELLESLEY: THE DOWAGER LADY GLENtanar

Lord and Lady Douro's daughter, who accompanied her grandmother, Margaret Lady Glentanar, to Burlington House, looked very charming in a jaunty little hat, fur-trimmed to match the collar of her coat. The Postmaster General (see left) brought his wife and daughter; and Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies obviously found Mr. Richard Sickert's escort a precious boon. Mr. Sickert's much discussed exhibit, "The Raising of Lazarus," is ultimately to be sold for the benefit of Sadler's Wells



THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S AND MRS. INGE

Scholar, philosopher and author, Dean Inge also numbers art among his interests and takes his position of Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery very seriously. He made a conscientious tour of Burlington House, but found visibility poor at the pre-opening view

MR. RICHARD SICKERT, A.R.A., WITH MISS GWEN
FFRANGCON-DAVIES (CENTRE) AND A FRIEND



Cheshire Hunt Pony Club.

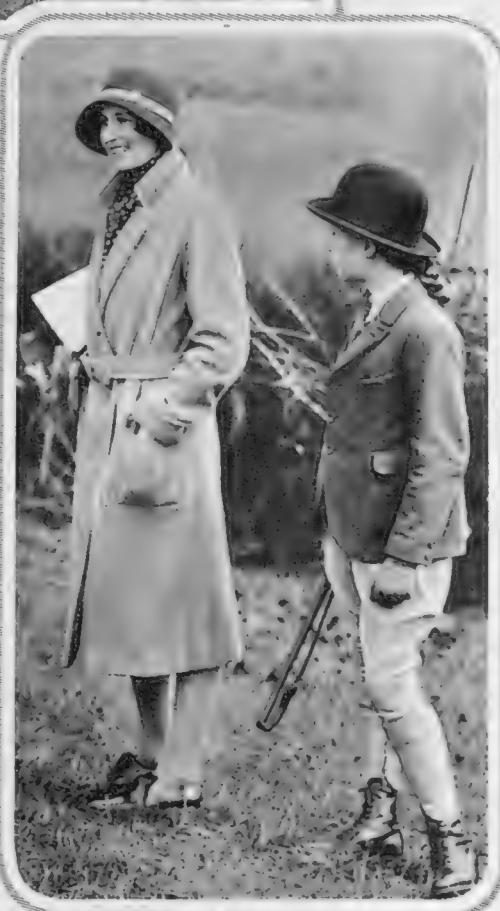
(ON LEFT) LORD DARESBURY, COL. MOSLEY-LEIGH, THE DOWAGER LADY CHOLMONDELEY, LADY KENYON, LADY DARESBURY AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL HUGH CHOLMONDELEY



MAJOR GILBERT COTTON



CAPTAIN J. SMITH-MAXWELL, MR. GUY COWIE
AND MAJOR CHARLES TOMKINSON



MRS. CHARLES TOMKINSON
AND HER DAUGHTER

The Cheshire Hunt Pony Club, which is one of so many that are doing good work in the way of teaching the young idea equitation and also manners out hunting, held its recent meeting at Bulkeley, near Malpas, and, as will be seen, had some very potent, wise and experienced "Signors" on the premises for the occasion. Few people know more about it than Lord Daresbury, and Lady Daresbury is hardly behind her husband in the way of having forgotten more than many of us know. Major Gilbert Cotton, pilot of The Rejected IV. when he won the National Hunt chase in 1912, is likewise a wise preceptor on anything to do with hunting or how to do the trick riding the horse. He is also an Inspector of Courses for the N.H.C. Captain Smith-Maxwell is very well known with the Cheshire packs. Mr. Guy Cowie is Master of the Cheshire Beagles. Major Tomkinson, whose little girl was competing, is a J.P. and Deputy-Lieutenant of the County

Photographs A. Crompton

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



"HE WHO LAUGHS LAST."



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND ALFRED DAY

Mr. Alfred Day is the well-known clerk of the course at Fontwell, the popular Sussex meeting which adjoins Arundel Park. The Duke of Norfolk is a subaltern in the Blues, a G.R. whose keenness is bound to find its reward in the end, and a very keen supporter of fox-hunting. Let us hope that in His Grace we have a future M.F.H.



THE UNDE

From the picture by T.

**THE GROUND**

C. DUGDALE, R.O.I.



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THE ALL EGYPT v. H. M. MARTINEAU'S XI. MATCH AT "ALEX."

The Martineau XI have an "M" in brackets after their names. The key, left to right, is: back row, A. L. Hilder (M), T. M. Sturgess, P. C. Organ, R. H. Palmer, R. E. Osborne-Smith J. Hermon (M), I. A. R. Peebles (M); Middle row, C. E. Awdry (M), G. S. Duckworth, E. I. Thomas, A. E. L. Hill (M), Col. J. Hughes (M), S. Monks; Front row, E. W. Dawson (M) M. E. O'Brian, G. W. Lowndes (M), J. C. de V. Biss, H. M. Martineau (M), Major F. Ward, Major R. T. Stanyforth (M), R. G. W. Melsome. Absent, G. S. Wills (M) Col. J. Hughes, commanding Grenadier Guards in Cairo, took the place of G. F. Earle, who was injured in a motor accident

This important match of the season in Egypt was a three-day one and was played on the very excellent ground at Alexandria. It was the final match of the Martineau team's tour in Egypt. The game was a remarkable one. All Egypt were 175 runs behind on the first innings, and were compelled to follow on, but eventually won by 129 runs. This is a quite extraordinary result, and added considerably to the excitement. The chief features of the match were a splendid second innings of 177 by O'Brian (All Egypt) and the magnificent fielding of All Egypt in the visitors' second knock.



THE LACROSSE CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD—THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY TEAM

The names are, left to right: back, E. A. Shillito (Oriel), D. D. Rusk (St. John's), O. A. Gratias (B. N. C.), C. H. Little (B. N. C.), R. S. Smith (Christ Church), J. C. W. Brown, (New), W. E. Derryberry (St. John's); In front, R. L. Moss (Exeter), G. S. Cartwright (Christ Church) M. A. MacIntyre (B. N. C., Captain), W. W. Foshay (Merton) and J. W. Hackett (New). The Cups in the picture are the Universities' Championship Challenge Cup, the International Trophy for the Amateur Championship of the World (which this team won from America after playing the best in the U. S. A.), the Iroquois Cup and the South of England Flag

KNIGHTS OF THE TABLE ROUND!



AT THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE CLUB BANQUET
(L. to R.) Mr. J. N. G. Taylor, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, C.B.M.B., M.S. (Lond.), F.R.C.S., Lt.-Col. F. C. Shelmerdine, C.I.E., O.B.E. (Director of Civil Aviation), Captain H. E. P. Dyke-Acland (Knight Sword-Bearer), and The Knight James Dale Weatherall (Past Master of the Worshipful Company of Scriveners)



The Hon. Sir Henry A. McCardie (Deputy Knight-President, presiding in the seat of King Arthur), with General Sir Archibald A. Montgomery-Massingberd, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C. (Adjutant-General to the Forces)



PROFESSOR TANCRED BERENIUS AND KNIGHT
VICE-PRESIDENT ALBERT C. R. CARTER



CAPTAIN ERNEST NICKS (KNIGHT
VICE-PRESIDENT)



ADMIRAL SIR CYRIL FULLER (SECOND SEA
LORD) AND LORD CAMROSE



KNIGHT SIR WILLIAM PHENE NEAL (THE LATE
LORD MAYOR) AND LORD POWERSCOURT



LT.-COL. CHARLES SAMMAN AND
MR. J. D. CASSELS, K.C., M.P.



THE VEN. F. H. D. SMYTHE (DEPUTY KNIGHT-
CHAPLAIN) AND THE KNIGHT SIR FRANCIS AGAR

The Knights of the Round Table Club was founded in 1720 and has its present headquarters at the Hyde Park Hotel, and in the seat of King Arthur was Britain's most famous bachelor judge, Sir Henry McCardie, the Deputy Knight-President, who was acting according to the "General Instruction" issued with the dinner list in "an especial emergency" for the Knight-President, Sir Arthur Shirley Benn, Bt., M.P. Great all-round bonhomie was the keynote and Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., M.P., Recorder of Brighton, bore away the speech-making honours with, so to say, no other competitor in sight. It was a very witty little barrage fired at the chairman, purposely asking for information about such things as the enticement and harbouring of a married man, who apparently has very few legal rights, and the speaker also asked His Lordship whether there was any remedy in a case in which a wife hurled a whole dinner service at her husband. Sir Arthur Shirley Benn, the Knight-President, was unable to preside owing to the serious illness of Lady Benn. In proposing the toast of "Our absent Knight-President," Mr. Justice McCardie said that though Sir Arthur was absent in body, he was present in spirit: "No, no. There is no question of a medium here, nor of a control," he quickly added

Arthur Owen

AT HURST PARK AND ELSEWHERE



A POPULAR YOUNG COUPLE

Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Denison-Pender at Hurst Park. She was Miss Camilla Pemberton and he is the elder son of Mr. J. C. Denison-Pender, the "big man" of Cables and Wireless, who owns that good two-year-old, Bois



WELL UP IN THE RACE GAME AT WEOBLEY. [Truman Howell]

A row of enthusiasts at the Radnorshire and West Hereford Point-to-Point : Colonel and Mrs. Verdin's Garnstone Castle house party. From right to left : Mrs. Evan Thomas, Miss Gibson-Watt, Miss D. Barnett, Miss Elizabeth Barbour, Miss Shoubridge, Miss M. Radcliffe, Mr. W. Verdin, Miss Verdin and Mr. Norman. Miss Barbour, who has just come out and will be in London for the season, is the late Major Robert Barbour's daughter and a niece of Mrs. Verdin. Lord Manton (see below) has participated in a large number of Points-to-Points this season, and also rode in the National Hunt Chase at Cheltenham



MRS. JIMMIE FORD

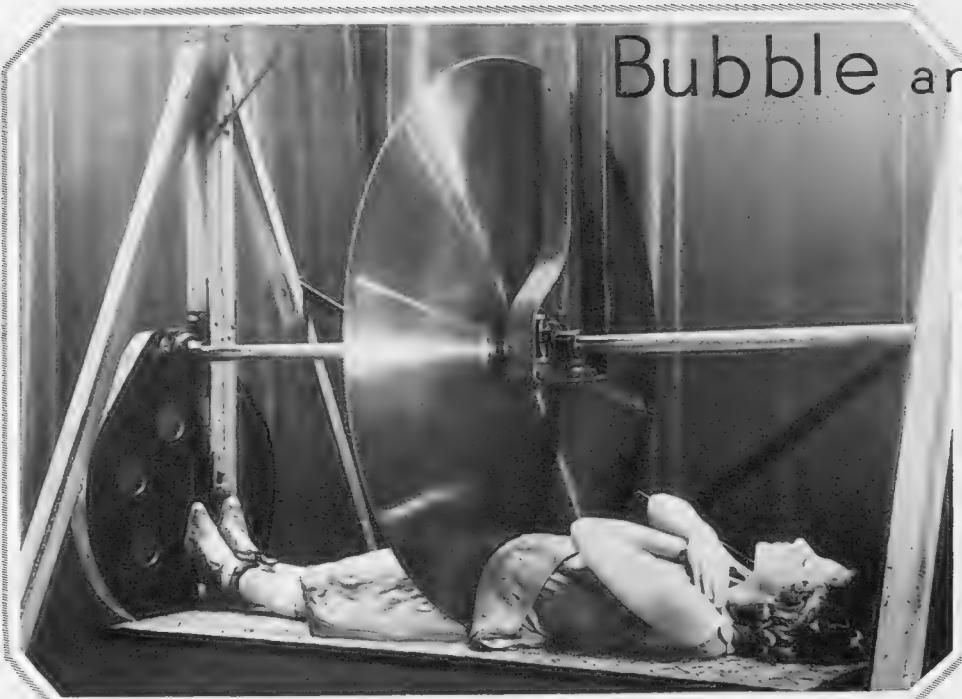


MRS. CECIL LANGLANDS

The wife of the Epsom trainer is always marvellously turned out. At Hurst Park she wore a severe blue tailor-made, two black foxes and a beguiling cap which suited her blonde beauty very well. Mrs. Jimmie Ford, who was also at Hurst Park, was Princess Maria Bariatinsky before her marriage. She likes games of chance, and is an extra good poker player



AT THE NORTH LEDBURY POINT-TO-POINT AT SUCKLEY: LORD MANTON, LADY MANTON, AND LADY MANTON'S FATHER, COLONEL PHILIP LANGDALE [Truman Howell]



CUT AND COME AGAIN: A SAW SUBJECT

This is not a cold-blooded murder but a sensational illusion recently perfected, after years of work, by the famous English conjurer Horace Goldin, who is now introducing it to the public. In full view of the audience a circular saw, making a thousand revolutions a minute, apparently cuts straight through the body of its victim! Both are visible the entire time. How is it done?

THE following tale is supposed to originate from Sir Harry Lauder:

A Scotsman was assuring his bored London acquaintances that "auld Scotland's the finest place on earth."

"Then what made you leave it?" asked a disgusted voice, "since you liked it so much?"

Sandy chuckled: "Well, it was like this. In Scotland everybody was as clever as myself, and I couldn't make much progress. But here," he laughed, "here I'm gettin' on very well."

* * *

An actor turned up at the theatre in a state of inebriation. He was discovered on the stage, still without make-up or costume, within a few minutes of the opening of the show.

When reprimanded by the manager, he answered with the utmost gravity: "No use, old boy; I've made up my mind I shall not 'pear to-night. I hate these darned revolving stages."

* * *

You remember when you cured my rheumatism a couple of years ago," asked the patient, "and you told me that I should avoid dampness?"

"Yes, that's right," replied the doctor, approvingly.

"Well, I've come to ask you if I can take a bath."

* * *

Aclerk was sent by his employers to a customer who was notorious for his slackness in making payment. After several vain attempts to obtain a settlement, the clerk remarked:

"Well, Sir, at least you can let me know on what date my firm can expect payment?"

"The customer retorted angrily, "Do you take me for a prophet?"

"No," responded the weary clerk; "up to the present my firm have always regarded you as a loss!"

* * *

An enthusiastic but poor golfer had succeeded in cutting up a great deal of turf in the course of the round, and after a specially desperate effort to get his ball out of a patch of rough grass, he turned to his caddie.

"Jove!" he exclaimed heartily, "it's a great game!"

"What is?" asked the caddie.

"Why, golf, you fool!" snapped the player.

"Oh," murmured the caddie, simulating surprise, "I thought you were referring to gardening."

Bubble and Squeak

An Irishman died, and two of his friends, anything but sober, came to the wake. In one corner of the room stood the coffin, and in the other a piano. They both knelt down in front of the piano.

"What a foine chap he wuz!" said one.

"How foine, indayd!" said the other.

"Twuz a shame he wuz took so young," said the first.

"Yes, 'twuz a shame, indayd!"

"And he certainly had a bayootiful set of teeth!"

* * *

"I've just been asked for a testimonial about our last maid. I shall say she's lazy, unpunctual, and impertinent. What can I say in her favour?"

"You might say she's got a good appetite and sleeps well," replied her husband.



Eric Gray

THE HELEN OF REVUDEVILLE
Miss Helena Taylor, one of the engaging Show Girls appearing at the Windmill Theatre in the continuous variety programme which starts at 2 p.m. and goes on until 11.30 p.m.

Subject your face to the following examination!



DEMAYER

For summer loveliness cleanse and protect your skin with these Elizabeth Arden Preparations:

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ARDENA PROTECTA CREAM . . . A thick, velvety preparation which acts as an invisible waterproof and weatherproof film to protect the skin from freckling, burning and coarsening. Incidentally, it offers the loveliest of all evening make-ups. Pure White, Rachel, Naturelle, Bronze, Jar, 12/6 Tube, 10/6

LILLE LOTION . . . A superb foundation for day or evening make-up, and a protection against wind and freckles. Eight shades, 6/6 10/6

- Sometime soon, when you are alone, take your mirror to the window of your room and face the facts
- First, examine your face as a whole. Does it look clear and young and fresh . . . or old and lined and tired? Is the general tone of your skin clear, or is it cloudy?
- Then, look closely at your neck. Does it resemble coarse crepe, or smooth white satin?
- Now your chin. Are the pores so small as to be practically imperceptible? Or are they noticeably, un prettily large?
- Then your mouth. Is it sweet and happy, like a baby's? Or does it turn up from derision, down from age or ennui?
- Next your nose. Not the shape, mind you. Often, that doesn't matter. The texture of it. Is it fine and smooth? Or is it large-pored and coarse?
- Now up to your forehead. Is it smooth and white and lofty, or is it corrugated with lines?
- If . . . and be quite frank about it . . . your answers to all the first questions are Yes, then a thorough Cleansing, Toning, Nourishing regime according to Miss Arden's instructions is all you need for the present. If . . . and be equally frank about it . . . your answers to the second question regarding each feature is, in any case, no . . . then you are in need of an Elizabeth Arden Muscle-Strapping Skin-Toning Treatment and the advice your attendant will give you for correcting your short-comings

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Pictures in the Fire. "SABRETACHE"

OUR—and the world's—leading mirror of fashion (men's), as usual, has had a few very "cutting" remarks to make about an exhibition now in full blast at a place called Burlington House, which is next door to another place, Burlington Arcade, which, at one time, enjoyed the reputation of being the haunt of the exceptionally well-dressed. The *Tailor and Cutter* has always been of the opinion that the persons whose portraits are hung on the walls of Burlington House are the very antitheses of the people who may still be seen in The Arcade, and, apparently, things have got no better. The clothes, on the whole, so our friend says, are atrocious! Talk about chastising people with scorpions! Let us read this:

A coat has a reasonable design which accords with the human form. The portrait painter comes along and turns order into chaos. He plays shave-ha'penny with buttons, eliminates seams, wipes out button-holes, and larks about with pockets. Collars are maltreated, lapels mutilated, sleeves drawn out of scale, and the whole plan wrecked. Some coats are painted inches too low in the neck, making the sitter look like a giraffe; others make men appear as those fabled creatures in Shakespeare, "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," by setting collars too high.

In mitigation, and before going any further, I should like to plead, on behalf of the prisoners in the dock, that artists always have cultivated a careless desolation in their raiment, and never have been *point de vice* in their equipments! The one well-dressed man, seemingly, is Major-General Lord Treowen—and he is in uniform, which may or may not be held to count, as it is the "civvies" at which our critic girds.

* * *

It is a terrible state of affairs when artists will not put properly cut clothes on to people who are at any rate passable representations of human beings, but I wish the *Tailor and Cutter* had taken us a bit further and said what it would do in the way of clothing the various persons whose contours would cramp the style of even the most skilled sartorial artist. How about the sportsman with at least one collar-bone broken in the work of art entitled "To Those Who Attempt"? Neanderthal

man and his boy friends, the Piltdown gentleman and Pithecanthropos, even though they were very close to the apes, were more or less inhuman proportions, and I am sure would have been made to look quite dressy by any good tailor or cutter. It is certain, however, that the greater proportion of the persons



Frank O'Brien
FISHING IN FERMOY: BRIG.-GENERAL GEORGE PAYNTER AND MR. T. B. PONSONBY

General Paynter is almost too well known to make it necessary to put a label on him; but he is an ex-Colonel of the Scots Guards, an extra-Equerry to the King and an extremely good man to hounds and between the flags. Mr. T. B. Ponsonby is General Paynter's brother-in-law



ON THE DEAD SEA SHORE:
DAME CLARA BUTT

This picture arrived from Jerusalem and was taken during the renowned Diva's recent tour in Palestine

created by the "Modern" would cause even Savile Row to retire beaten from a quite unequal contest. It is, perhaps rather unfair to compare Neanderthal man and Co. to "modern" man, because, although the former looked like some of our prizefighters, at any rate they resembled the human species. The others do not.

* * *



Balmain
HACKING AT NORTH BERWICK: THE HON. ANNE YOUNGER

The younger of Lord and Lady Younger's two little daughters, North Berwick is usually more intimately connected with exercise on two feet, but it's no a bad place for a hack in the sea breeze

THE sympathy of all with feeling hearts will go out to a fellow-worker in the literary vineyard who has been asked to define what "Society" means, because, especially in these times in which we live, the answer is ten times more difficult than it might have been a few short years ago. A heroine of musical comedy, let us recall, said: "I could ride orses with grite long tiles if my papa was the Prince er Wiles," and that, in those times, was considered to sum up the situation with a fair amount of accuracy. As a bit of case law this is now quite valueless: the length of a horse's tail is no guide whatever to the length of its rider's pedigree—besides docking went out of fashion ages ago. The big idea behind long tails was to make every horse look as much like a Grand National or a Derby winner as possible, and the illusion was further fostered by plaiting the mane. Does not this in itself preach a whole sermon? Yes, things have slipped quite a bit since the days when that lady sang about how she "loved Sersiety, 'igh Sersiety." Much is altered. We have been forced to re-orientate, and it is all stuff to go on saying "East is East—West is West and never the two shall meet."

(Continued on p. viii)



You do not believe in imposing unnecessary restrictions on your children. Freedom to romp and play, to get their feet wet and their hands dirty, this is the sort of freedom that encourages them to grow healthy and strong. Yet many mothers who believe in freedom place, quite unwittingly, many restrictions upon the development and comfort of their children. Their feet for instance.

Do the shoes your children wear allow their feet to grow strong, to function healthily and naturally, unfettered by artificial, fatiguing restrictions? If they complain of tired and aching feet, if they fight shy of going for walks, if they do anything to make you suspect that their shoes may be the cause of the trouble—then get them fitted with Cantilever Shoes right away.

Cantilever Shoes are the flexible, ease-bringing shoes that conform to the ground plan of the foot and bring really free, comfortable walking to children and grown-ups alike. The diagram on the right shows just one of many reasons for their tremendous popularity.

Write for free illustrated booklet explaining the Cantilever principle and for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store to:—

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In this diagram the solid outline indicates the sole of the Cantilever Shoe, the dotted line the sole of the ordinary shoe. See how the comfortable Cantilever Shoe conforms to the natural, straight inner line of the foot and provides ample toe room where the ordinary shoe would force the big toe inwards to squeeze, crowd and cramp the other toes.

CANTILEVER SHOES

ARE BRITISH "MADE"

O.L. 313.

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

Flying Costs.

THE belief, sedulously fostered by mathematicians and other interested parties, that two and two make four must be carefully guarded against before approaching the economics of everyday life. For this academic theory is so far from the practical truth that it may become a serious obstacle to discovering the cost of any of those habits with a powerful grip upon human creatures, such, for instance, as alcoholism or aviation. In computing the cost of human vices and virtues, pleasures and businesses, two and two make what the person concerned feels like making them.

Thus the abandoned aeronautical addict will say that the purchase and running of an aeroplane actually save him money, and that he is now richer by fifty or a hundred pounds a year than he was when he used trains and motor-cars for his journeys. And, if challenged, he will go into an ingenious and convincing account of his expenses; of debits and credits, of balances and brought-forwards; of the monetary value of time and health and pleasure, until finally you think that the owning of an aeroplane may be in itself a means of accumulating wealth, and that a satisfactory bank balance may be produced from the air. On the other hand, members of the anti-aviation bodies, with equal enthusiasm, will set out to show that the purchase, maintenance, and use of a light aeroplane will cost anything up to £600 a year and that, when desiring to travel from one place to another, the right course is to walk or to go by barge.

The Figures.

The manufacturer is biased, the distributor is biased, the private owner is biased. It is useless even to keep accounts oneself, because oneself is biased. One may relegate certain expenses to the unconscious—with most people a rich repository of "incidentals"—or else invent others so as to be on the "safe side." So that there is only one way to set about discovering the cost of flying to-day, and that is the statistical method. One must accumulate evidence from unimpeachable quarters, and then compute the averages. I have been devoting myself lately to asking private aeroplane owners what it costs them. Mr. R. Malcolm, with whom these inquiries began, was not helpful. "I prefer not to think about the cost of it," he said—a statement capable of a variety of interpretations.

Flight-Lieut. Christopher Clarkson and Mr. Page—both highly suspect—took pencil and paper and demonstrated that, at the highest possible rate, with the fullest possible service and every possible accessory, fitting, refinement, and advantage, and including depreciation, insurance, landing



AT THE CINQUE PORTS FLYING CLUB CARNIVAL

A group of people at Lympne last week watching the wonderfully good air display and carnival arranged by the Cinque Ports Flying Club. Included in the picture are, left to right: Wing-Commander Douglas Stewart, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Wiseman-Clark and Flight-Lieutenant Clarke

and housing fees, passports, licences, carnets, bills of lading and unloading, certificates, over-hauls, repairs, log-books, registration fees, address plates, first cost and incidental charges, the cost per year for an ordinary machine like a Moth, on the basis of about 100 hours flown, could not exceed £300, and would probably be nearer £250. Mr. Mainwaring, however, told me that his flying costs worked out at about £1 an hour, everything included. And he instanced the case of his Certificate of Airworthiness over-haul. This is the third year during which he has been running this particular Moth (G-AAAD), and the over-haul cost less than twenty pounds. The work was done by the Brooklands School of Flying, where the standard of workmanship is the highest. It is an example of what can be done in the way of economy when a machine is kept carefully, and when the work on it is entrusted only to experienced and competent firms.

Ten Shillings an Hour.

Another friend, who has been an owner of an aeroplane—usually, but not always, a Moth—for some seven years, told me that he never reckons to spend more on his flying than £150 p.a., all told. He does not insure for anything except third party risks—a method that can hardly be recommended as a general practice. Petrol and oil charges seem to work out at an average of about 10s. an hour. And so, putting together these and many other answers, we find an average figure for a Moth light aeroplane doing 100 hours a year, fully insured, and with depreciation taken into account on a five years' life basis, of £200. On the best scale, with the fullest service and maintenance and the best housing, I think that £300 a year will cover it. On the careful scale it can be done for £150 a year. Some people seem to do it for a little less. These figures are an improvement upon previous ones and should encourage many people to take up flying who have not yet done so on account of the expense. They show, moreover, that, provided a good deal of flying is done, the cost of owning a machine, on the basis of five years, is less than that of hiring it. And it is to be remembered that aircraft distributors are no less accommodating than motor-car distributors in the matter of the arrangements for paying.

Flying Inns.

I referred the other day to some hotels that had established their own aerodromes. One that I omitted to mention is the Bridge House Hotel, Catterick, Yorks. This hotel is owned by Sir H. J. Lawson, who has now put down to grass a portion of a 130-acre field for the express purpose of allowing aircraft to land close to the hotel. The field ought to be available in the autumn and is within 200 yards of the hotel. Moreover, it is on the direct line of flight between

(Continued on p. xv)



Aerofilms
LT.-COL. F. C. SHELMERDINE, LADY DROGHEDA
AND MRS. SHELMERDINE

At one of Sir Alan Cobham's recent National Aviation Day Displays, a series of which, during this summer, we are going to see. Colonel Shelmerdine succeeded the late Sir Sefton Brancker as Director of Civil Aviation

IS YOUR HAIR NOW PLAYING ITS PART?...



As the fashion becomes more revealing, hair can no longer play a neutral part in the youthful make-up. Your hair may be modelled in the latest mode, and yet may be you feel it lacks that irresistible appeal which down-like softness, lustre and a lingering fragrance can impel. Houbigant's Single Friction Lotion is available now to bestow these three essential qualities upon your hair in a single, simple, personal way.

From a sealed **individual** flacon, your hairdresser will apply it as a last rinse — after the shampoo, but before the wave — to free your hair of clinging oil and harsh soap residues, and to impart a softness and suppleness perfectly receptive to the wave. Your hair will then be rejuvenated, naturally alive, with delicate gloss and long-lasting sheen, it will be ready to play its enchanting part in the dictates of fashion to-day.

Fragrances:
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SINGLE FRICTION LOTION

*obtainable at and applied in
Hairdressing Establishments exclusively*

HOUBIGANT

Petrol Vapour : By W. G. ASTON

Am I Right?

"A MAN," I remarked to my distinguished biographer, "should establish his own quotations as he goes along." This is a fine principle, and I am glad to see that it is upheld by the Bright Young Things, one of whom the other day described a coupé that she had seen in Berkeley Street as "positively too blood-curdlingly adulterous." I was fatuous enough to respond that I was by way of being a *laudator temporis acti*, which, from her ensuing remarks, she clearly took to mean that Sir Harry Lauder was apt to be a trifle temperamental when he was acting. Which is likely enough true. But I was thinking of utterly other things at the moment. The truth is that that polygamous coupé had caught my eye and attracted it, and then repulsed me because it had bucket seats. May I, here and now, make the public confession that I am tired, bothered, and bored to death by bucket seats? Why so many motor-car manufacturers insist upon giving us this arrangement I can only explain by the supposition that these majestic managing directors never sit in the accursed things themselves. Who, I demand to know, started this bucket seat fashion, and why? I will cheerfully eat my words, and the paper upon which they are printed (which I am assured is the very best attainable), if I am wrong in my supposition that the average driver likes the bucket seat no more than the average front passenger. I do not propose to make an anatomical essay, but the fact is that the thing fits the *arrière pensée* much too tightly, and gives it no chance of relieving those flat spots that are even more tiresome in the neighbourhood of the coccyx than in that of the carburettor. It is singular, but true, that, looking back through the years, the cars I have loved best have always had the plain, old-fashioned sort of front seat—not entirely because, on occasion, the extra passenger squeezed in at an unholy hour has been choicely good in the application of warm pressure—if you understand what I mean. But two bucket seats, of a given over-all width, are generally restrictive, and nothing near so comfortable as a single one of the same over-all dimensions. Mrs. P. V. and I (D.V.) celebrate our silver wedding next August—so there is no nonsense about us—but it is a fact that when, the other day, we set out upon a run upon one of Messrs. Warwick Wright's "65" Talbots she heaved (or is it hove?) a sigh of relief. In front it had just one long plain squab and one long plain back rest which gave so much room for the pair of us, that whilst I could drive lustily, with elbows diddling in all directions, she undisturbed could take her nap in her own corner. It may be that such a seating arrangement is almost extinct; it may be that Talbots alone, wise in their generation, alone pursue it—and I know nobody else who does. All I can assert is that the good old-fashioned scheme suits me a great deal better than the new one. The present generation may like bucket seats, for I presume they would not be so widely



MR. EDWARD GOLDSMITH AND HIS GHILLIE ON THE DEE

A picture from Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, taken last week. The fish, one morning's catch, are 21 lbs., 13 lbs., 12½ lbs., 12½ lbs., 11 lbs. and 9 lbs., and Mr. Goldsmith got them all.

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



CAPTAIN SHERRARD INTO A FISH ON THE SPEY

The salmon which he killed after gaffing it himself was a 19-pounder. Captain Sherrard is fishing at Pitlochry, and is the guest of Captain G. S. L. Whitelaw. Captain Sherrard is one of the few anglers on the Spey who prefer to gaff their own fish

ported protest against this principle. To be bold enough to break away from it? I will almost guarantee that whoever does so will gain substantial profit.

A Fine Thing.

The cold analyses in the financial pages of the newspapers—at which I can hardly glance without a shudder—tell us of the triumphs that have been achieved by the enterprises over which that sprite-like baronet, Sir William Morris, presides. The epithet is truly the highest compliment I could possibly pay him, for in his imagination and in his energy he discovers the spring of eternal youth. Was there ever such another creature who could touch every branch of automobilism with a magic wand? There will be a Morris "Tank" sure enough, and a Morris "Tanker" or Atlantic liner to follow it. Most of us think of Sir William's force of productive capability in terms of the small car, and as to what he has done in this line of endeavour history will record its

(Continued on p. xx)



SIR GEORGE MACPHERSON GRANT AT BALLINDALLOCH

Sir George Macpherson Grant's seat is Ballindalloch Castle, Banffshire, and he is fishing his own water. He is the 4th baronet, and succeeded to the title in 1914

standardized unless there was a loud call for them, but of this I am certain, that in the course of no great time they will recognize their absurd mistake. They will see that this is a principle of body-work construction that appeals to the eye far more than to the *persona grata*. To-night for half an hour I rode in a decrepit old thing that, neglecting its splutterings and groanings and heavings, was deliciously comfortable; and just as a matter of curiosity I measured the width of its seat. And it was 2 in. less than that of the car in which Mrs. P. V. and I are wont to travel—but because it was not "bucketed" it gave quite 4 in. more room. Why builders of modern light cars, who want to save every ounce of weight and every millimetre of space, go in for front seating of the corn-chandler's-scoop type (no one can tell why they are called "buckets") I really don't know. But I wish they wouldn't, and I believe that, for once in a while, I am voicing a very widely sup-

ported protest against this principle. Now who, in the light car field, is going to be bold enough to break away from it? I will almost guarantee that whoever does so will gain substantial profit.

A Fine Thing.

The cold analyses in the financial pages of the newspapers—at which I can hardly glance without a shudder—tell us of the triumphs that have been achieved by the enterprises over which that sprite-like baronet, Sir William Morris, presides. The epithet is truly the highest compliment I could possibly pay him, for in his imagination and in his energy he discovers the spring of eternal youth. Was there ever such another creature who could touch every branch of automobilism with a magic wand? There will be a Morris "Tank" sure enough, and a Morris "Tanker" or Atlantic liner to follow it. Most of us think of Sir William's force of productive capability in terms of the small car, and as to what he has done in this line of endeavour history will record its

SUMMER SHELL
PETROL IS
NOW
ON SALE
AGAIN—



*—but don't spoil Summer Motoring
with Winter's Worn-out Oil . . .*

When you start using Summer Shell Petrol, it's a good time to get rid of your old Winter oil—all of it.

Flooding the carburetter, excessive use of the starting mechanism, longer periods of idling on rich mixtures to warm your engine, any of these have thinned down your Winter oil by dilution—regardless of the brand you use—rendering it unfit for warm weather use. Your dealer will confirm this timely warning. You need fresh oil.

TRIPLE SHELL OIL
FOR SUMMER

RECEIVING HER EXCELLENCY

By ALLAN GOVAN

COMPARED with the quarrel between Mrs. Hambling and Mrs. Massey-Cables, the classical misunderstanding between Brutus and Cassius was a tame, amateurish affair. When William Shakespeare penned his well-known words and put them into the mouths of the two great Romans, he was handicapped in that he was unable to employ the many terse and incisive phrases which, since his day, have become part and parcel of the English language. The Bard of Avon was faced with the additional difficulty that he had to clothe his famous quarrel in the flowery phraseology of poetry. Mrs. Hambling and Mrs. Massey-Cables could put their thoughts into the first words that suggested themselves.

Mrs. Hambling and Mrs. Massey-Cables had been friends for quite six months—a vast period of time. They had spent the previous hot weather at the same hill station (the scene of the friendship and the quarrel was India), Mrs. Hambling had recommended her *darzi* as being good at little morning frocks, and Mrs. Massey-Cables had induced her friend to employ the same *dhabi* as herself—he washed the sahib's tussore suits beautifully, and had lost only three pairs of trousers up to now. The two friends had exchanged dress shapes, and had told each other about their favourite silk shops. They had given each other lifts when their sahibs couldn't let them have the car. They had played tennis and bridge together, and loaned each other sums borrowed from their bazaar money when the horse they had been tipped felt the heat too trying and came in while the winner was being unsaddled. In short, David and Jonathan were mere casual acquaintances by comparison with Mrs. Hambling and Mrs. Massey-Cables.

The quarrel was about a bed-spread.

Mrs. Hambling had got a parcel of hand-embroidered work from an up-country mission to sell amongst her friends. One of the items was an embroidered bed-spread, and Mrs. Massey-Cables said she would take that to send as a wedding present to her sister.

Very unfortunately, however, the cards and the horses had been letting Mrs. Massey-Cables down badly of late, with the consequence that she had spent her own current month's bazaar money, as also some of Mrs. Hambling's.

Now Mrs. Massey-Cables' sahib was a *paisa-walla* (Anglo-Indian for a Scotsman), in addition to which he detested the sister who was getting married, and consequently Mrs. Massey-Cables decided she would tell him that the bed-spread cost 20 rupees less than she was in fact paying for it.

Mrs. Massey-Cables' position was therefore altogether very difficult and delicate, so she asked her friend to put the bed-spread aside for her until the 31st, when, with next month's bazaar money in her purse, she would again be solvent.

Having made that *bandobast* she wrote home telling her sister what she was sending her, describing the article at some length.

But the ordinary mem-sahib proposes and the burra mem-sahib disposes. It was Mrs. Sutton-Vein—a very burra mem-sahib indeed—who was the cause of the quarrel. Mrs. Sutton-Vein was the vice-president of a committee, of which the two other women were ordinary members, that had organized the erecting of a new hostel.

Mrs. Sutton-Vein called on Mrs. Hambling one morning, in passing, about some small matter of detail, and when that had been disposed of Mrs. Hambling produced the work from the up-country mission.

She was just beginning to display it when she was called to the telephone, and when she got back the august visitor was putting Mrs. Massey-Cables' bed-spread aside and saying she would take that.

Without having been in the East one may perhaps know that "burra" means "big," and that a burra mem-sahib is a very important personage; but unless one has had, personally, the devastating experience of encountering a real burra mem-sahib, one has but a faint idea of what the adjective really connotes. Mrs. Hambling said, "It's really awfully good of you, Mrs. Sutton-Vein, to take something to help the mission. Thanks ever so much," the while she trembled to think what Mrs. Massey-Cables would say when she heard about the sale.

What Mrs. Massey-Cables said was best left unrecorded. To repeat it would merely give a few wrinkles to some who are

probably far too slick already in the use of the English language. Let it merely be stated that Mrs. Massey-Cables borrowed from another woman what she owed Mrs. Hambling, paid her debt of honour, and when next she encountered her erstwhile friend, assumed the detached, insouciant expression of a pedigreed Pekinese.

The hostel committee was in session, presided over by Mrs. Sutton-Vein. Several minor matters on the agenda had been disposed of by the business-like and sensible process of the committee's agreeing at once to whatever Mrs. Sutton-Vein suggested.

They had now come to an item which caused the members of the committee to throw off the listlessness engendered by their not having had to think. Item: Receiving Her Excellency, and final arrangements for the opening ceremony.

It was then that Mrs. Sutton-Vein proved that even very burra mem-sahibs have a human side to their character. With something in her voice that was as near a sob as burra mem-sahibs are allowed, she informed the committee that her husband was having his leave earlier than expected, and she was sailing for home on the day before the opening ceremony.

What that meant to Mrs. Sutton-Vein was well understood by the other members of the committee. Mrs. Sutton-Vein had looked upon that opening ceremony as a veritable chance in a life-time; for Mrs. Sutton-Vein, notwithstanding her burra-ness, was, as has been said, only the vice-president. The president was a person more burra still—Lady Cranley. But Lady Cranley was at present somewhere in the Indian Ocean, her ship steaming in a westerly direction.

Ordinarily, Lady Cranley would have made all the arrangements, would herself have received Her Excellency, and never left her until Her Excellency's A.D.C. had helped her into her car again. And Mrs. Sutton-Vein had looked forward to doing all that! A wave of silent sympathy swept over the committee.

Then every single member realized that, of necessity, somebody would require to take Mrs. Sutton-Vein's place! If Lady Cranley's absence had been a chance in a life-time for Mrs. Sutton-Vein, Mrs. Sutton-Vein's absence was going to make possible the greatest moment in some other woman's entire career. To receive Her Excellency, to present the other women to her! To sit with Her Excellency on the red-carpeted dais, looking down on a crowd of common, ordinary, sweaty-faced, mortal women! To go round the hostel with Her Excellency afterwards, to say good-bye to her at the door! The mind boggled at the thought.

Mrs. Sutton-Vein got herself under control. She looked from one to another of the faces of the committee.

"Perhaps Mrs. Hambling and Mrs. Massey-Cables will take charge of the arrangements for the receiving of Her Excellency."

The words were received in a sort of stunned silence. The other women realized, first of all, that they had not been chosen. They realized, second of all, that Mrs. Sutton-Vein was the only one present who didn't know that Mrs. Hambling and Mrs. Massey-Cables were anathema, loathsome, poison to each other. And they realized, third of all, that only one of these two fortunate ones could be the first to greet Her Excellency, only one could present the other women to Her Excellency, and only one could sit on her right hand on the dais. Mrs. Sutton-Vein had done a positively awful thing!

But the suggestion was received as though it had been a ukase. There were unintelligible murmurs of approval, and Mrs. Sutton-Vein offered suggestions and gave a few hints on the etiquette usually observed on such occasions.

What, in the meantime, was passing in the breasts of Mrs. Hambling and Mrs. Massey-Cables must be left to conjecture; there are some things too tender and intimate to be dragged forth into the cold light of public scrutiny. But the questions which they eventually put to themselves boiled down to: "Who is going to approach who? How can anything at all be arranged in the chill atmosphere that must prevail at a meeting between me and that woman? And—the thing that really matters—which of us is to be the one who receives Her Excellency?"

(Continued on p. xiv)

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

MAY, 1932

11th to 20th inclusive.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 11th Show. Ladies' Kennel Association (Olympia).
Racing. Newmarket and Dundalk Meetings. Newton Abbot Steeplechases.
Cricket. Cambridge U. v. Yorkshire (Cambridge). Oxford U. v. Leicestershire (Oxford). | 16th Buenos Aires Cup conf. (Ranelagh).
Racing. Hurst Park, Redcar, Wolverhampton, Waterford and Tramore and Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meetings. Cardiff, Hexham, Wetherby, Wincanton, Buckfastleigh, Carmel, Huntingdon Steeplechases. |
| 12th Fencing. Oxford Univ. v. Cambridge Univ Epée (Oxford).
Racing. Newmarket and Dundalk Meetings. Newton Abbot and Woore Slipchs. Show. Newark Agric. | 17th Racing. Hurst Park, Redcar, Wolverhampton, Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meetings. Cardiff, Buckfastleigh Steeplechases. |
| 13th Show. Newark Agric.
Racing. Gatwick and Haydock Park Meetings.
Motoring. M.C.C. London-Edinburgh Run. | 18th Show. Oxfordshire Agricultural Soc. (Oxford).
Racing. Manchester, Yarmouth and Limerick Mtgs. Golf. "Silver Tassie" Competition, Gleneagles.
Cricket. Cambridge U. v. Essex (Cambridge). Oxford U. v. All India (Oxford). |
| 14th Polo. Colts' Cup Final (Ranelagh).
Racing. Galwick, Haydock Park and Naas Meetings. Hexham and Southwell Steeplechases.
Cricket. Glamorgan v. All India (Cardiff). | 19th Shows. Royal Jersey Agric. Soc. Spring Show. N'hanls Agricultural Soc. (Rushden).
Racing. Manchester, Yarmouth and Limerick Mtgs. Rowing. "Eights Week," (Oxford). |
| 15th WHIT MONDAY.
Athletics. British Games (Stamford Bridge).
Shows. Colchester Horse Show. London Car Horses, Regent's Park. | 20th Show. Southern Command Horse Show (Tidworth).
Racing. Manchester and Lingfield Park Meetings. Newport Steeplechases. Lawn Tennis. Open Tournament (Harrogate). |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

THIS is really distracting. With practically every county within reach of London playing their championships simultaneously, nobody (failing an aeroplane or a helicopter) could hope to see them all right through. The only thing was, like McHeath, to sip ev'ry flow'r, and having done that, to smack one's lips over the sips and be brief about what was only hearsay.

So behold this correspondent, firmly tearing herself away from Surrey at Wentworth, and proceeding—the military term is inevitable after



Playing in the Hampshire Championship at Blackmoor : Mrs. MacLeod (left) and Miss Dorman. They both belong to the North Hants G.C.

Wentworthies: Miss Joyce Wethered, once again champion of Surrey, with Miss Gourlay, ex-champion, Mrs. Potter, and Mrs. Dudley Charles, who was holding a watching brief

EVE AT GOLF

By Eleanor E. Helme

driving through Alder-shot—to Blackmoor in search of Hampshire. Blackmoor is a delicious course, silver sand and silver birches, and the hills and hangars of Selborne as a background; the day was fine, and there was one complete surprise as finish to a first-rate match; the rambler's itinerary had been lucky. The surprise

was the dismissal of Mrs. Clarke from the championship she held, altogether the wrong thing to happen in a season when she has done so splendidly at the head of her team. Mrs. Hunt, the captain of Hampshire, was the brave player who did the deed, and did it by sheer steady golf and some excellent putting at critical moments, but it has to be admitted that Mrs. Clarke did something towards sounding her own death knell by missing too many shots, and throwing away an early lead. Her length ought to have been invaluable, for Blackmoor has plenty of scope for the second shots, but it was not proof against Mrs. Hunt's persistence. Young Miss Morgan, emerged from Girl Championship circles, was rendering a good account of herself, against one Miss Urwick, Miss Uhthoff struggling home on the last green from the other.

If thoughts flew to Wentworth and Surrey, well, it was possible on the way back to look in on Miss Smith, the one and only "Smithy" of Surrey, to hear briefly of the grand golf Miss Wethered and Miss Gourlay had played against each other before Miss Wethered got home on the last green, and that the semi-finalists were Miss Wethered v. Miss Sylvia Bailey and Mrs. R. O. Porter v. Miss Julia Hill. All that sounded according to expectations; so did the paper next morning which told how Miss Pim had qualified first for Middlesex with 80 round Sudbury, with Mrs. John Fleming (Miss Couie Clayton) next at 83, and how in Kent Miss Morgan and Miss Fishwick were progressing steadily onwards to a duel in the final.



So next morning off to Sundridge Park, New Course, full of hope for a really historic battle. Thence, also full of hope, turned up half of Kent next afternoon at 2.15, to find Miss Fishwick had been beaten 4 and 3 by Miss Doxford, and Miss Morgan was just coming in after a long trail to the 23rd, beaten there by Miss Dodo Butler, who had been runner-up to her the last two years. These were shocks if you liked! Miss Doxford, who has been working like a Trojan this winter at lengthening and strengthening her golf as well as her own very strenuous profession of massage, did most thoroughly deserve to beat Miss Fishwick, who played some loose shots up to the green and so kept on taking three putts; Miss Butler got home because she putted superbly and because the tees had been stretched to such an extent (the wet heanness of the day being unexpected) that Miss Morgan could not get home in 2 any more than Miss Butler, who was missing her seconds, could do. And Miss Butler's long putts decided the matter. In the final Miss Doxford's courage and good golf against just the same sort of troubles that had beset Miss Morgan, were quite wonderful and her 3 and 1 victory was entirely deserved.

All that was shocking. The golfing world seemed trembling and unstable, so that it was very reassuring to be rung up a few hours later, and told that Miss Wethered was Surrey champion once more, and had been playing the glorious golf which is her possession and hers alone, taking the 11 holes of her match against Miss Sylvia Bailey in 42, and so defeating that hapless player by 8 and 7, and going on to win the final, 6 and 5, from Mrs. Porter with the loss of only one hole throughout the day. Mrs. Porter had won a marvellous 20th-hole battle from Miss Julia Hill, an almost incredible number of holes having been halved in par figures. This was all very steady; the golfing world was not quite disintegrated yet.

But the papers next morning contained more shocks. At Sudbury, in the Middlesex Championship, Miss Pim,

hot favourite, had been beaten 3 and 2 by Miss Betty Taylor, who was struggling last autumn without any success to be a girl champion; Miss Rabbidge and Mrs. Mellor had both gone out to Mrs. Scott, a double-figure handicap from Northwood. Miss Lett and Mrs. Guedalla, both at the



The Middlesex Championship : Mrs. John Fleming, the winner, with (right) Miss B. Lewin, whom she beat in the semi-final



Miss I. Doxford (right), the new champion of Kent, with Miss Dodo Butler, the runner-up, at Sundridge Park

19th, to Miss Betty Lewin. So, not sure whether one were on head or heels, the itinerary wound up at Sudbury, to find Mrs. Scott beating Mrs. McNair in one semi-final by a first-class short game, and Mrs. Fleming having some ado to shake off the courageous Miss Lewin. In the final Mrs. Fleming fell upon Mrs. Scott and devoured her in true champion-like fashion, and the world said

(Continued on p. xvi)

All for Beauty



Luxuria A BEAUTY FUNDAMENTAL

Facial beauty starts with a good skin. No woman can be really attractive without it, and no woman who possesses it can be called plain.

LUXURIA Cream is the very foundation of a good skin. It melts deep into the pores at the touch of your fingers and removes every trace of dust and grime which spoils the clear whiteness of your skin.

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LUXURIA—Cleanses, softens, refines. 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9.

SKIN AND TISSUE BUILDER—Makes the skin firm; smooths out lines.
4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-.

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BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM—Imparts a clear, light, flower-like loveliness.
4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-.

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What is the best treatment for your skin?

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HARRIET HUBBARD AYER LIMITED BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

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PARIS

The Highway of Fashion



by M.E.Brooke

FASHION is fickle where the coiffure is concerned, nevertheless there is nothing in which women may express their individuality more successfully than in the arrangement of their hair. The Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, is responsible for the originals of the artistic photographs seen on this page

ACQUERED hair has not become so modish as it was thought it would; it needs attention very frequently. M. Georges prefers to arrange La Naturelle transformation like the one seen on the right; the turnover effect at the temples emphasizes the features and brings the profile into relief, the general treatment follows the contour of the head and imparts a graceful line. The hair of the coiffure of which two views are given has been scientifically cut and shaped; the hair is "set" or water-waved in flat but soft waves, and the curls at the back are feathered to show the actual curly ends of the hair, giving a feminine effect which is accentuated by curls over the ears. In the Court hair dressing the hair has been permanently waved to the roots, parted in the centre and turned back from the face, making a secure and comfortable foundation for the veil and feathers. This is highly appreciated by every woman



THERE is dancing at the Ritz again, and as a consequence the loveliest of dresses are to be seen. The other evening wallflower shades predominated. Miss Frances Doble's dress was of matt satin of this shade accompanied with a little silk coatee which crossed over in front, the sleeves being tight-fitting; Lady Pamela Smith was wearing a dress of the same shade; Miss Evelyn Laye's frock was of white net with red and white ribbons at the waist

LADY Rachel Howard and her brother, the Duke of Norfolk, are often seen at race meetings, and on several occasions she has worn a bright blue military coat with a blue and white spotted scarf; the latter is of the same shade as her brother's. The Countess of Carnarvon recently wore at Sandown a dark brown dress with a short fawn broadtail coat reinforced with a fox collar of the same shade; the hat matched her skirt, a touch of colour being introduced by a red and yellow cockade arranged at a particularly becoming angle

MANY strange things have been responsible for the making of a fashion. To-day the tariff must be given the credit for the vogue for evening frocks of cloth, piqué and linen. The duty on silk and wool being high, the French dressmakers made many of their models in cotton, as they anticipated the English dressmakers would copy them in a costly fabric, but their expectations were not realized. Fenwick, 62-63, New Bond Street, are making a feature of plaid and check zephyr and printed linen evening frocks for 4½ guineas; the silk coatees which accompany them are 49s. 6d. The latter are made in many styles

CAPES and coatees for day-time wear are very varied. An original model had long, tight-fitting sleeves buttoned on to the dress and a large cluster of piqué flowers rested on the left shoulder. Another had almost epaulette sleeves which gave the much-to-be-desired width across the shoulders. Lingerie touches are very important, sometimes piqué bibs are outlined with crochet; they afford an attractive relief to dark dresses. Then there are sets consisting of collar, cuffs, and button-hole, made of stiffened Irish lace. Piqué sets are often trimmed with chromium-plated buttons, and are seen in conjunction with coloured scarves



MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE



... and So
to Marshall
& Snelgroves
for a New
Ensemble

Ensembles are quite the vogue and to be smart each Frock must now have a coat of its own. Smart women go to Marshall & Snelgrove's for the newest interpretations of the Ensemble mode because here it may be seen in every variation. Prices, too, in harmony with present-day requirements, are maintained at strictly moderate levels. As an instance of this, the Models sketched herewith are striking examples.

"KARYL"

An exclusive Dress and Coat of Silk Marocain displaying to advantage the new silhouette. The bodice and skirt yoke is made of Printed Crepe de Chine. In black, beige, green and the Season's blues.

Price for Coat and Dress complete.

8½

GUINEAS

Larger fittings 21/- extra.

"ANN"

A smart Ensemble. The printed Silk Dress is finished with a Cowl neck. The Coat is perfectly tailored in self colours. In all the Season's colours. Two sizes.

Price for Coat and Dress complete,

7

GUINEAS

Large fittings 21/- extra.

Sent on approval.

DISPLAYED IN THE READY-TO-WEAR SECTION
ADJOINING THE MODEL GOWN SALON, FIRST FLOOR



MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

W1

Telephone: MAYfair 6600

Entrancing Lingerie



This lovely lingerie is from Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W.1, collection. Above is an entirely new garment that has been amusingly christened a "nightie pyjama"; it is double-breasted, tailored, and expressed in elusive shades of orange and apricot rayon crêpe satin



Pink georgette and lace are never neglected; they are present in the set above; the brassière, although of fairy-like construction, gives support just where it is needed; then the coat is of black satin trimmed with vellum-tinted lace. Blue satin lace and georgette are the ingredients used for the fashioning of the nightdress on the left; it is decidedly graceful



The Advantages of Shopping at Debenhams

II.—VALUE based on QUALITY

It is sometimes assumed, though quite erroneously, that a shop with a name for exclusiveness is necessarily expensive

At Debenhams, indeed, the values are exceptional, yet a visit will prove that exclusiveness need not, and does not, cost any more



12½ gns.

The fashion for checks is portrayed in this exceedingly smart Afternoon Gown, copy of a Lanvin model, and made in rich quality silk marocain, cut on somewhat severe lines, the original jabot in white marocain gives a soft note. Black/white & navy/white only.

Model Gown Department

FOR VISITORS : THE BEAUTIFUL WILLIAM & MARY RESTAURANT

Demure but exceedingly smart is this little printed crepe de chine frock, copy of an Augustabernard model. An attractive note is the quaint sleeves and finish of posy of mixed flowers. In many artistic colourings. Several sizes.

Posed by Miss Jeanne Stuart

8½ gns.



Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)

THE HIGHWAY OF

FASHION—continued

A dress parade was for the first time held at Liberty's, Regent Street, last week, when the dresses pictured on this page were warmly applauded. Great developments have taken place in this establishment; a feature is made of dresses and their accessories at moderate prices for slight figures; naturally the requirements of every type of figure have been considered. Fashion's newest commands are mirrored in the lovely day and evening gowns that are destined to be seen at the Season's functions. Much interest was aroused in the necklaces which drew attention to the colour scheme of the dress or accessories. There were beaded and brocade pochettes to match the dresses. There were several Court dresses as well as a lovely bridal gown of gold and white brocade, the scheme being completed with an antique lace veil.



It is for the girl on her own dress allowance that Liberty's have created this printed cotton frock for 3½ guineas; snow white organdie is introduced in the form of a vest on the corsage and it makes the puffs on the sleeves



Liberty's take thought for women with limited pin money, and have designed this simple frock in black crêpe de chine; the scarf is lined with white and the neck line is piped with it; nevertheless, the cost is merely 6½ guineas



A study in saffron yellow and black is the frock above; it is expressed in a new wool fabric, the scheme being completed with a cape; if preferred Liberty will add a long coat of the same material

F. H.
Fullon

HARVEY NICHOLS

Chic and Amusing
Jumpers and Cardigans
from the famous
Sportswear Department

A hand-knitted Jumper in soft two-colour mixture has the bright idea of separating the two shades to make its becoming yoke. Rust/fawn, red/navy, black/pink, navy/saxe, beige/fawn.

69/6

(Below)

A deep V yoke of hand-crochet adorns this original Jumper, which is knitted in a diagonal open-stitch. White with black, royal, scarlet, geranium or straw; also in Spanish brown/desert

45/6

Every garment is British except the two on extreme left which are hand-made in Switzerland.

Chic beyond all criticism—a Jumper in hand-crochet, with the slimmest of lines and the cleverest of tiny bows. Black/white, black/poppy, scarlet/white, green/white, mushroom/rose beige, etc. **69/6**

(Right)

This gay Cardigan is knitted in an open honeycomb-stitch. Note its clever use of two colours, its soft revers and its double diagonal closing. White/navy, white/primrose, sahara/chocolate, green/chocolate; also all white and all green

52/6

Crochet Cap to match, **15/6**

This Jumper happily adopts the "pinafore" vogue. Hand-knitted in a new lace-stitch, it has a pouched sleeve above a deep fitted cuff. Black/white, royal/white, green/white, dawn rust, etc. **69/6**

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.

Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1

Racing Ragout—continued from p. 234

in this race, has grown very cresty, and not appearing to concentrate on racing as he should, he is best left out of future calculations.

The winner has been a more than lucky horse to Captain "Jack" Wilson, who was out for the first time since his illness. Having bought him for about a "monkey" he won the Lincoln, and having failed to sell him at the December sale at about the same price, he wins the Victoria Cup. Galhampton won the long distance race with some ease; and almost at the identical moment that his owner, Lord Portman, M.F.H., was hollering him home, the Dowager Lady Portman was being held up on the highway and robbed of her jewels, which rather discounted the luck of the family for the day.

Coup de Lyon, trained by Waugh (Dawson, not Evelyn), was very unlucky at Newmarket, and in the last race he put paid to the Beckhampton "good thing" by several lengths. Winalot, his sire, is getting a lot of winners, and this long-striding colt will win plenty more races.

It was only a toss up

whether racing would be possible at all at Chester owing to the incessant rain there has been in the North, but in the end it was decided to carry on. This risk could be avoided by banking the course up to the walls and making a track on the lines of the "Wall of Death," as used by motor-cycles at the circus. The racing on the first day in deep mud is not worth mentioning, and no horse of any interest, with the possible exception of Crème Brûlée, figured during the day.

It is announced that Mr. Thomas Hatton, the Leicester promoter, has wired Mr. Colson, the English agent for Hans Schonrath, the German heavy-weight, to the effect that Schonrath must not fight Carnera at Turin on Sunday, as the German is under contract with him to meet George Cook on May 23 at Leicester. The contract stipulates that Schonrath must not engage in a bout before that date, and Mr. Hatton intends to hold the German to it on the ground that Schonrath may receive an injury which would prevent him from meeting Cook. This is not an access of caution amounting to the pernicketty, but just ordinary prudence.



SUNNING THEMSELVES AT ESTORIL

A group of people lucky enough to be somewhere well out of the track of the depressions from Iceland and elsewhere which continues to attack England in seemingly unending waves. In the picture, left to right, are: The Marquess Valfior, M. José Espinosa Sarto, Viscount Arseca, Miss Pearce, Mrs. Robertson, M. Frederico Perestuello, Miss Patricia Robertson, and M. José Arseca

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMBINATION
FOR PERFECT SLEEP**

The "Vi-Spring" Overlay Mattress and the "Vibase" Mattress Support

The Vi-Spring Mattress

QUALITY IS
LONG REMEMBERED WHEN
PRICE IS FORGOTTEN

Write to-day for Illustrated Catalogue, sent post free on request to

Vi-Spring Products Ltd.

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Willesden Junction, London, N.W. 10

There are sound reasons why you get so much extra rest on the "Vi-Spring," the mattress which for over 30 years has set a standard of bed-comfort that has never been equalled. The "Vi-Spring"—the original pocketed-spring Overlay Mattress—is a hand-made product throughout, produced by skilled operatives, each trained to appreciate the technical importance of their particular feature, to complete a perfect whole. Careful supervision of every operation in manufacture places the "Vi-Spring" in a class by itself, unequalled for luxurious comfort and reliable service. Place this famous mattress on the "Vibase" Mattress Support and you have the world's greatest combination for perfect sleep.

The VIBASE MATTRESS SUPPORT

is well upholstered and covered in any of the handsome ticks to correspond with the "Vi-Spring" Mattress. In durability and appearance it is equal to the best supports of the box-spring type, yet sells at practically the same price as the best un-upholstered supports. Sold by all reliable house furnishers.

THE MODERN NOTE

IN

PRINCE'S PLATE



THESE DESIGNS ARE
REGISTERED BY
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HERE are the prices of the separate pieces:—27683 Afterdinner COFFEE SERVICE £6 16 0—27684 TRAY, 14 inches, £4 10 0—27695 ENTREE or SWEETS DISH, with Cover, 10½ inches, £4 17 6—27705 FRUIT SALAD BOWL, with glass lining, £3 12 6. "Pyrex" Casserole and Cover to fit 6/6—27692 ASPARAGUS DISH with Rack and Sauce Boat, £5 0 0, Dish only for Joints, 15 inches, £2 10 0.—4 glass Dishes to fit Joint Dish for *Hors d'œuvre*, £1 10 0—27694 CASSEROLE or VEGETABLE DISH, with Cover, 7 inches, £3 10 0. 8½ inches, £4 10 0—27696 BACON or CUTLET DISH, with Cover, 12 inches diam., £2 17 6—27681 TEA SERVICE, 1½ pints, £5 5 0—27682 TEA TRAY, 18 inches, £5 10 0. Enquiries are cordially invited, or a special Brochure illustrating the complete Dinner Service and a suite of Spoons, Forks, and Cutlery to match, will be gladly sent.



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Manufacturers of Prince's Plate.

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Manufactory—*The Royal Works—Sheffield.*

THESE ARTICLES ARE OBTAINABLE IN STERLING SILVER.

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 258

We know that it is not so, and there is now "neither East nor West, border, nor breed, nor birth," and all ideas have had to be rearranged. For instance, in those almost pre-historic times drinking and eating simultaneously was one of the things Society *never* countenanced; soup was always eaten noiselessly: no one made any sound chewing oysters even in the *pâté* form; tucking the serviette in between the waistcoat, or vest buttons was taboo, and smoking the cigar with its *kummerbund* or tummy-wrap on made people raise their eyebrows. Now who would have the courage to criticize any of these things?

* * *

In other ways, of course, things in Society have not altered so strikingly. Polite camouflage is still in more or less general use, and no one is ever unintentionally rude. It will be found that people are still very kindly in lots of little ways, even if sometimes they do praise one another with faint damns. It is quite usual, for example, for One to say to Another: "I think she is a perfect darling; wants putting back in the oven for a bit, of course, and it would do her a hatful of good if someone would make her have a go at the Topsy Treatment—because, my dear, as you know, she does punish the fluids somethin' shockin'; but then, she's so kind to dumb animals, and even if her clothes simply shriek, and she never has a good word about anyone—and the things she's said about you I'd hate to tell you—she means thoroughly well. She's really rather sweet, and you mustn't think I'm saying anything *against* her as she is one of my dearest friends. Only you know what I mean—don't yer?" *Mutatis mutandis*, as the lawyer



Arthur Owen
LADY MOUNTGARRET AND CAPTAIN CHETWYND TALBOT

A recent snapshot at the Carlton one night. Captain Chetwynd Talbot is a kinsman of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The present Lord Mountgarret, who was born in 1903, is Master of the York and Ainsty North

chaps say, the same amount of camouflage is employed by the human Grimalkin, who is just as bad as the Tabby, and he says, after telling you that someone known to both of you, perhaps, as "Beetroot," or some little pet name like that, is mean enough to steal a blind kitten's milk, as crooked as a dog's hind leg and ought to be in The Jug if he had his rights, but is otherwise a first-class fellow, and one of his best pals.

* * *

"The Turf Who's Who" (The May Fair Press) has been sent to me by the publishers, and, as was said in a short preliminary notice I wrote of it some months ago, it is certain to prove a useful volume to a

good many people. It has been compiled by Mr. Fairfax-Blakeborough, who, in an introduction he has written, says: "I am conceited enough to think that the remarkable thing is not that a few who should have a place in it are missing, but that over 1,500 biographies are to be found in succeeding pages . . ." This, of course, is an inevitable result in a first venture of this kind. Errors, of course, there are, and it is in no carping spirit in which I draw attention to one or two which I think need correction. Ackermann is credited with being the publisher of a book the compiler calls "Mr. Jorrocks." There is no such book. The volume meant is "Handley Cross, or Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt." The 15th Hussars, under the biography of Major F. W. Barrett, are said to have won "the Indian Polo Tournament four years in succession. There is no such tournament. The regiment won the Indian Inter-Regimental in the years mentioned. It is also stated that Major Barrett "was one of the team to bring back the Cup in 1914." He skippered and really trained it. These corrections, a few of many, I trust will be helpful. We want a "Who's Who of Sport" very badly.

Golden moments with **PLAYER'S**

Withdrawn from the
world of affairs . . .
within the quiet of
one's own thoughts
—PLAYER'S make very
pleasant company.



PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100'S BOXES 4'8d • FLAT TINS OF 50 2'6d

Mrs Can't | Mrs Can



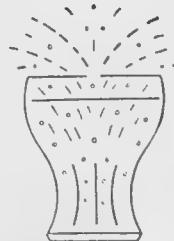
The above lady is Mrs Can't. She is wondering for the seventeenth time this morning why she is not as attractive as Mrs Can—why her skin will come out in blotches, and her hair look so dull and taggy. The lady unfortunately is poisoned, though she would probably have a heart attack if you told her. And yet poisoned is the only word for what clogged and stagnant foodways do to you. If Mrs Can't would take Eno every morning, waste matter would be gone—before it got a chance to work havoc with her good looks.



On the other hand, Mrs Can is looking at herself—because she likes looking at herself. She knows why her husband is so jealous of her. She knows why other men whisper to her, 'If Jim hadn't married you, I would have.' She knows, too, that a daily inner cleansing is worth all the paint and powder in the world. It's three years this month since she started taking Eno. And Eno, by keeping her clean inside, has kept her lovely skin and her bright eyes and her glistening hair—unspoiled. She's clever—is Mrs Can.



A clean inside is the only foundation of outward sparkle and beauty. To ensure real inner cleanliness is Eno's one purpose. And from the very moment you drink it, you know that Eno will succeed. Will do for your inner self what pure soap and fresh water do for your outward self. Will cleanse and sweeten and refresh your whole system—safely, surely, positively. Need you be like Mrs Can't? Of course not!



Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

• The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks • Eno costs one-and-sixpence and—double quantity half-a-crown •

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS SHEILA PHILIPPS

The only daughter of Sir Henry Philipps, Bart., and Lady Philipps of Tregeyb, Llan-dilo, Carmarthenshire, who is to marry Baron de Rutzen

Herts, and of Mrs. Harrison, and the wedding will take place in Quetta at the end of October.

Next Month.

On June 9, Mr. Richard Villiers, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), and Miss Nancy Godwin are being married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; the 22nd is the date fixed for the wedding of Mr. Norman Melhish Colson, Royal Artillery, and Miss Mary Alison Satterthwaite; Mr. Charles Kenneth Benda is marrying Miss Lucy Evelyn Alston at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, on the 2nd.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Godfrey Meynell, Q.V.O. Corps of Guides, F.F., the son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Meynell of Meynell Langley, Derbyshire, and Miss Sophia

In Quetta, Captain Eric Robert Andrews 5th (Burma) Battalion, 8th Punjab Regiment, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Andrews of Shooter's Hill, is marrying Miss Joyce Isabel Harrison, the younger daughter of the late Mr. H. Harrison of Emery House, Bishops Stortford,



MR. AND MRS. DONALD TRENTHAM

Who were married last month. Mr. Trentham is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Percy Trentham of Llanrhos, Four Oaks, and his wife was Miss Doreen Radcliffe, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Radcliffe of The Grondle, Wylde Green

Patricia Lowis, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lowis of Bettiah, Bihar, India, and Milford-on-Sea; Mr. Victor Owen Williams, barrister-at-law, the only son of Mr. Thomas Williams, formerly High Sheriff of Anglesey, and Mrs. Williams of Wexford Lodge, Nectonum, Birkenhead, Cheshire, and Miss Daphne Baldwin, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baldwin of The Rectory Farm, Taplow, Bucks; Mr. Lyon H. F. Sanderson, the eldest son of the late J. L. P. Sanderson of Edinburgh, and Mrs. Sanderson, and Miss Ruth Stroud, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stroud of High Bois, Chesham Bois, Buckinghamshire; Mr. Charles Ingram Perkins, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Perkins of Wanborough Manor, Guildford, and Miss Sheila Stallard Mitchell, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Mitchell of The Gables, Epping.

Griffiths
BARON DE RUTZEN

Who is engaged to Miss Sheila Victoria Katrin Philipps, whose photograph also appears on this page. Baron de Rutzen lives at Siebech Park, Pembrokeshire



THE HOSTESS CANTEEN.

EIGHT—two tables of bridge, a happy number for a dance, just the right number for a dinner party—you've often found you needed eight of everything, that the ordinary set of sixes was inadequate for entertaining. That's why you'll like this new Hostess Canteen with its complete service for eight persons—enough silver for every occasion. It may be had in any of Community's five distinguished designs. At your silversmiths. 52 pieces - £8.0.0.

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WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "HINTS FOR THE MODERN HOSTESS"
BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., WALKLEY LANE, SHEFFIELD

IMPERIALLY YOURS

"A man can usually tell
the woman who buys
from the Empire"

"And generally does—
when she's wearing
Kayser stockings"



Made in the British Empire — woven, dyed
and finished to the last fine stitch in Canada
— Kayser stockings. Beloved for their slim-
tailed ankles — and the wonderful wear
of their pure, flawless silk. Prices from 5/11. Kayser
Sansheen with the seductive dull finish, 8/11.

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KAYSER

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

I feel I am always repeating myself when I again remind everyone that our Open Show takes place at Olympia the day these Notes appear, May 11, and the following day; but in case anyone has not read the Notes lately I again draw attention to the fact, also to the new features, the "Breed Parades," which are to take place at frequent intervals during the two days, also the most interesting and instructive display of obedience and training which is to be given by Mr. Gordon Stewart's famous great Danes on Wednesday (to-day) at 3.30 and 7, and to-morrow at 4.30. Also to-morrow the General Obedience and the Alsatian Obedience Classes take place and the Children's Classes are judged. Each day "The Daily Mirror" brave dogs are on view, besides many other items of great interest to anyone who likes dogs and their training.

The entries are good in most breeds, and anyone interested in any breed will be able to see the best specimens of it. Cocker, of course, head the list, as they always do, but there are also good entries of Pekinese, Cairns and Labradors, in short all breeds are well represented. A show of this size is always well worth a visit as it shows the magnitude and the strength of the dog industry which is quite a revelation to people who have never considered the subject.



TOY POM
The property of Miss Little



SEALYHAM TERRIERS
The property of Miss Verrall

Championship Show. She also exports an exceptionally good young dog sired by her stud dog to America lately. She sends a picture of some of her well-known dogs. Mrs. Allan has some really nice red and black-and-tan dog puppies for sale at present.

* * *

There are some breeds which, in the words of the advertisement, evidently "supply a long-felt want"; one of these is the Sealyham, which, though a comparatively new comer, has sprung at once to popularity and is seen everywhere. His sturdy John Bullish appearance is very attractive, and he also has a delightful temperament. The Misses Verrall have a remarkably successful kennel of Sealyhams, and have bred and owned some good ones. They send a picture of a group of their terriers, including Ch. Walsgrave Welcome and Ch. Wireless. In common with all kennels, they have some puppies and young stock for sale, so this is a chance for anyone wanting a Sealyham of good lineage.

A nother breed, but this time an old favourite. The Pom has been popular for a long time and no wonder, he is a lovely little dog, perfectly balanced; a really good Pom is a joy to look at. In addition; he makes an excellent companion. Miss Little's Poms are well known to us, she sends a picture of one of them. She has several dogs and young puppies for sale, including a young orange lady, grown-up, also a gem in the shape of a really small one. Miss Little says, "She is hale, hearty and sturdy, and weighs 2 lbs. 2 oz." All Miss Little's dogs are brought up under her personal care, which makes them excellent and well-behaved as companions.

* * *

Letters to Miss BRUCE,
L Nuthooks, Cadnam,
Southampton.



ERKMAR VON LINDEBUHL
The property of Mrs. Allan

"Taking her for a ride"

"Just off for a cocktail party at Alfred's come along?"

"Course, his varied reputation includes the shaking of the best Silver Slipper cocktails in London."

(As he lets the clutch in) "Um, something to do with the gin he uses I believe"

This story you will realise has a motto. Use Holloway's London Dry double distilled and crystal clear.

A bounding goodness bottled for your pleasure always.

HOLLOWAY'S
always

HOLLOWAY'S GIN DISTILLERY CO., MONKTON ST., KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.



The Lively Firth

There's no dropping off to sleep in the afternoons if you go to the Firth of Clyde for a holiday. There's too much to see, too much to do. The best pleasure steamers in the world come and go from the piers like omnibuses in the Strand and everybody takes the daily trips. Far up the lochs they go, always in smooth water, always in magnificent scenery, always amazingly cheap and efficient. In summer the whole Firth is alive with craft, yachts, backing and filling, cruisers, liners, men-o'-war, herring boats and pleasure steamers coming and going in all directions. It's a sight worth seeing. It's regatta day every day on the Firth. A holiday on the Firth of Clyde is a real sea holiday for the sea is generally smooth and you spend your time as you should either in it or on it. Try a holiday on the Firth of Clyde this year. The service is faster and the journey a pleasure.

THE HOLIDAY HANDBOOK 6d.

With tariffs of hotels, boarding houses and apartments.

ON EITHER SIDE 3d. Depicting and describing features of interest to be seen from the train between King's Cross and Edinburgh, Glasgow, Fort William, Inverness and Aberdeen. From L.N.E.R Offices and Bookstalls.

FREE BOOK "SCOTLAND" from L.N.E.R Stations, Offices and Agencies or from Passenger Manager, L.N.E.R, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2; York; or Waverley Station, Edinburgh, or Traffic Supt., L.N.E.R, Aberdeen.

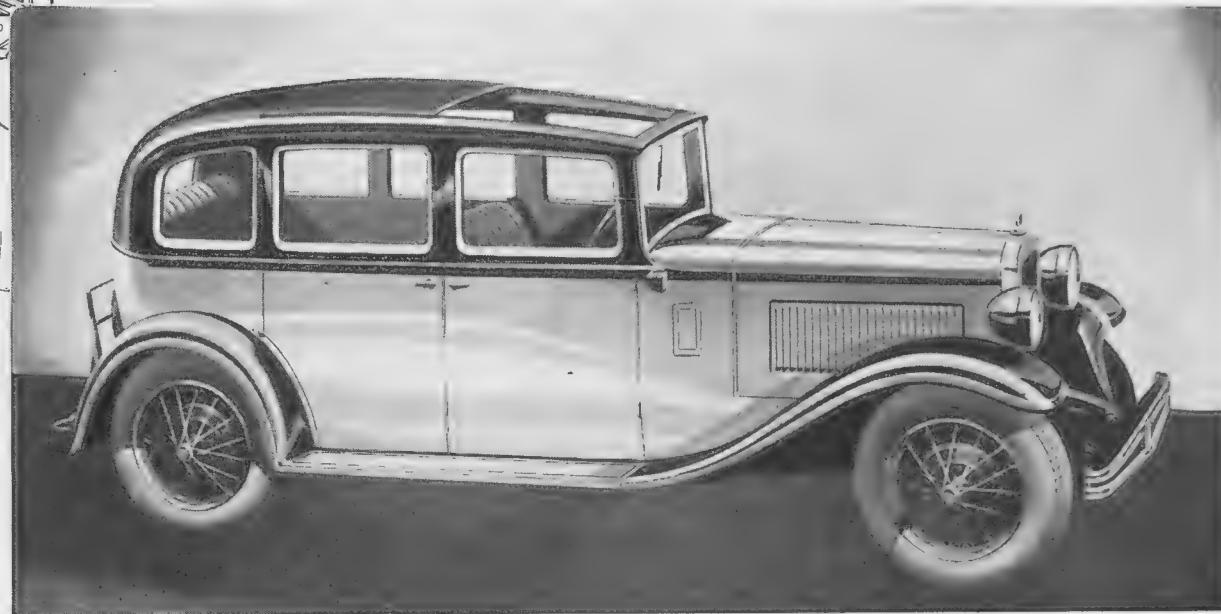
KING'S CROSS FOR SCOTLAND

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N

I in 4 "You might almost say that this car looks after itself—the greasing and oiling's so simple. This ease of maintenance, I suppose, provides another reason why every FOURTH new car registered in Great Britain during the last trading year ending July 31, 1931, was an Austin."



Ask this of anyone who owns a 'TWELVE-SIX'



THE TWELVE-SIX DE LUXE SALOON, £225

The Austin Twelve-Six

£198

(At works)

De Luxe Saloon with sunshine roof, bumpers and leather upholstery, £225; with Twin-Top four-speed gearbox, £235. A few Twelve-Six features: Braking surface area over 80 sq. ins.; accessible wing-nut for taking up wear; positive petrol feed from rear tank by engine-driven pump. Extreme accessibility to carburettor, oil filter, distributor and batteries. Chromium finish, Triplex glass throughout and Dunlop tyres standard.

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. every month

What do you think of your Austin? He will tell you of its fine performance—its silky six-cylinder engine that gives swift acceleration from 10 to 30 in 9 seconds and a comfortable 5 to 55, and more, on top.

He will stress its ease of handling . . . that the brakes are light in action yet capable of pulling the car up, travelling fully loaded at 30 miles an hour, in 31 feet. He will explain how easily he greases the car without assistance (there are only eight greasing points, all in the front part of the chassis, and these need but occasional attention). The springs, zinc interleaved, need no greasing. Then

he'll stress its economy—the car weighing only $19\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. is light on tyres, and petrol consumption is as low as 26-28 miles per gallon.

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Receiving Her Excellency—(Cont. from p. 264)

The meeting broke up without the reception sub-committee having spoken to each other. But once clear of the meeting the sub-committee got going; and before the day was over Madame Berthe received orders for two elaborate and expensive afternoon frocks. Thereafter the reception sub-committee started to think about suitable shoes and hats and the shade of stockings that would match the frocks.

These vital matters attended to, the sub-committee asked itself: "Whatever is to be done now?" Obviously, one of the two must ring the other up and suggest a meeting; but having fresh on their minds a perfectly clear recollection of the things they had said to each other only a few days ago, neither Mrs. Hambling nor Mrs. Massey-Cables had the courage to lift the receiver off its hook.

Three days slipped past, and the two women began to get into a positively panicky state. Every time the telephone rang, their hearts stood still. Either this was the other ringing up, or—soul-chilling thought!—it was Mrs. Sutton-Vein ringing to ask how the arrangements were going. Each woman felt that, if she rang up, that would be a sign of weakness, and the other would proceed to dominate the meetings and would eventually slip into the place vacated by Mrs. Sutton-Vein. It was a really horrible position.

But at last Mrs. Massey-Cables hit on a brilliant way out—she rang up her quondam friend at a time when she knew she wouldn't be in!

"Oh, tell the mem-sahib"—she said casually to Mrs. Hambling's butler—"that she might give me a ring at her convenience."

It worked awfully well. When Mrs. Hambling rang up, Mrs. Massey-Cables could detect in her tone a suggestion of fluster which told that she felt she hadn't done too well in the first round.

The temperature of Mrs. Massey-Cables' voice was that of a mountain spring. "Thanks so much for ringing up. Can you slip over to-morrow to discuss this reception business?"

"Won't you come here?" A woman always has more confidence in herself when she is in her own house.

But Mrs. Massey-Cables knew that too. "I'm ever so sorry, but my hubby wants the car all day to-morrow—"

"Oh! very well," Mrs. Hambling agreed, feeling that the second round, too, had gone against her.

The third round, at Mrs. Massey-Cables' bungalow, began with the combatants sparring warily for an opening. But they managed to discuss the arrangements at some length, and came to decisions on every question but one—no mention at all was made of the subject nearest to each woman's fluttering heart.

Mrs. Sutton-Vein's interest in the proceedings had lapsed badly since she knew she wouldn't be at the opening ceremony, and she failed to turn up at the next meetings. The other women hadn't the courage to ask which of the sub-committee was going to have the coveted honour; but they sensed that a drama was being enacted silently, grimly, and they were keyed-up to a positively fierce pitch of excitement and exhilaration.

It was a really terrible time for Mrs. Massey-Cables and Mrs. Hambling. And how they managed to avoid direct reference to the point that mattered was at times a miracle even to themselves. In their heart of hearts they each prayed that the other would have an attack of fever on the momentous day; if Mrs. Massey-Cables could have trained a malaria-carrying anopheles mosquito to bite Mrs. Hambling, she would most certainly have trained it.

On the night before the opening ceremony the vital question was still unsettled. By tacit understanding it appeared to be agreed that both would receive Her Excellency, and the thing would be fought out then—which-ever of the two Her Excellency happened to turn to would automatically take the lead. Neither of the sub-committee slept a wink that night, or if she did, it was an uneasy, disturbed wink.

Mrs. Hambling and Mrs. Massey-Cables arrived at the hostel at almost the same moment, and the first person they saw was Mrs. Sutton-Vein.

The sub-committee stopped dead in its tracks, and its mouth gaped.

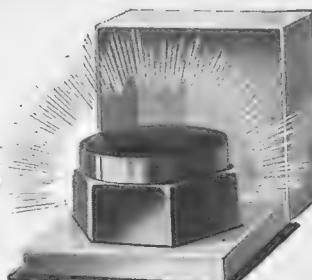
Mrs. Sutton-Vein smiled brightly. "My husband found after all that he couldn't get away, so we cancelled our berths at the last moment."

Mrs. Massey-Cables staggered slightly, and out of that stagger a new friendship was born. Mrs. Hambling grabbed her friend's arm and steadied her.

Throughout the ceremony the friends kept together for mutual comfort and support. They heard Her Excellency say how glad she was that Mrs. Sutton-Vein had been able to be present at the opening ceremony—so gratifying after all the work she had done for the hostel! They heard Mrs. Sutton-Vein say that the committee had done wonders. Her Excellency smiled on them charmingly. They heard Mrs. Sutton-Vein say that the arrangements for the opening ceremony had been in the capable hands of Mrs. Hambling and Mrs. Massey-Cables. Her Excellency again smiled charmingly, and inclined her head in a vague direction, where the committee seemed to be clustered thickest. In the mouths of Mrs. Hambling and Mrs. Massey-Cables the ices and the cakes and the meringues were as dust and ashes, and Her Excellency's A.D.C. was merely a rather vapid young man.

But the ceremony served to re-cement the friendship of two deserving women, and that friendship has endured, more or less, even unto this day.

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One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot

water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old-natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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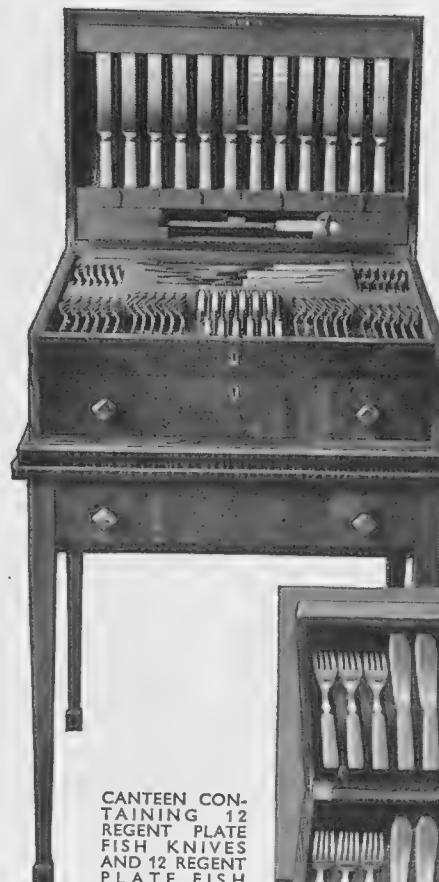


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BRITISH MANUFACTURE

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BRITISH MANUFACTURE

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 266

that Mrs. Fleming would do great things in the golfing world yet. Her play that afternoon certainly looked like it.

It only remained to read of an Essex surprise, when Mrs. Garon was beaten by Miss Garnham, who went on to win the championship; of Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Elsie Corlett having much hard work to beat respectively Miss Beryl Brown and Mrs. Clement; to feel that even Internationals are only human and may be beaten. Except—and that is a big except—Miss Wethered, whose golf is so far ahead of other people's that she simply does not give them a chance to play their own game. So it was down at Littlestone, when she collected a lead of 6 holes from Miss Morgan before that player could get started, so that when the English champion did settle down it was too late, and all she could do was to hang on to hard halves by getting down in one putt. Miss Wethered, in a tearing wind, was out in one less than men's par of 38. But Kent beat Surrey 4 to 3, and the county kaleidoscope was set whirling wildly once more.

It is almost needless to say Miss Wethered won the scratch prize at the Camberley Heath open meeting next day with 76.

Amateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects, particularly close-up photographs of prize-winners, are reminded that the Editor of "The Tatler" will always be glad to consider such and to pay usual rates for any that are accepted.

**Air Eddies**

(continued from p. 260)

London and Edinburgh. This is the right way for the need for more landing grounds to be fulfilled. That is to say, places should establish landing grounds when they wish to attract aeroplanes. And the number of people who use aircraft is increasing so rapidly that there will soon not be a hotel or town in the country that will not wish to attract aeroplanes. But those who delay, awaiting the increase in numbers, may find that they are too late, for every day, owing to building activities, suitable ground in the right places is becoming scarcer. Those hotels which establish their landing grounds now, moreover, will be remembered more readily than those which establish them later. It is the business of every person who wishes to see aviation progress to patronize those places offering landing facilities, and to persuade their friends to patronize them. So do not forget the Bridge House Hotel, Catterick.

The Middlesex Championship at Sudbury: Mrs. Scott looks a little rueful at beating Mrs. McNair (right) and so qualifying for the final

* * *

Air Pageants.

On Saturday there is the Coventry Aero Club's pageant at Whitley, starting at 2.30: I am writing some time before the event, but I believe that a very special programme has been arranged, so that it will be worth going down there for the day. On Monday there is the Northamptonshire pageant at Sywell. The Northamptonshire Club I have often had occasion to refer to, for it has succeeded in steering clear—albeit not without difficulty—of those pitfalls that have beset so many of the clubs, especially those that had to start without Government subsidy.

After Coventry and Northampton there is the Household Brigade's meeting at Heston, and on the Saturday after that the Cross-country Air Race, for which some of the best pilots in the country have entered. Among them is Flight-Lieutenant George Stainforth, holder of the world's speed record.

On the civil side there are also Mr. A. C. M. Jackaman and Mr. E. C. T. Edwards, who will be flying Captain F. E. Guest's machine, the Hawker Tomtit.

Lord Grimthorpe has entered his Puss Moth and Miss F. Crossley has entered a Comper Swift, though it is not likely that she will fly in the event herself. Mr. F. D. Bradbrooke is another entrant, and altogether it seems likely that the race will be one of the most interesting of recent years. As I write I hear rumours of the Arrow Active entering, but they have not yet been confirmed. This is a fast single-seater seen for the first time in last year's King's Cup Race. It is to the design of Mr. A. C. Thornton.

MISS FRANCES DOBLE

*playing a leading part in "While Parents Sleep"
at the Royalty Theatre, London, writes:*

"I AM afraid I am rather unlike most actresses, in that I am very seldom, if ever, to be seen on the golf links or the tennis court—or anywhere, in fact, that brings the complete change of surroundings so necessary for the resting of the theatrical mind. This is due to some extent to the fact that sports and pastimes do not particularly commend themselves to me, but chiefly it is due to the great shortage of spare time that there has been in my life during the last few years. Repertory, repertory, and again repertory and then a strenuous tour or two—these have been my pleasant but rather arduous lot—and these have meant a great strain on my nerves. Phosferine has been, in these few years, a great friend to me; indeed, I have always been able to do my work, I am glad to say, without any undue discomfort, with hardly a day 'off parade'—and to Phosferine I feel I owe my especial thanks."

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GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

Polo Notes—continued from p. 240

won the Inter-Regimental in 1921 and, since the War, this regiment has won the Inter-Regimental four times. The Central India Horse have won it five times and the P.A.V.O. Cavalry three times. In addition, the 15th Lancers are the only regimental team to win the I.P.A. Championship except the 17th Lancers, who won once before the War. The 15th Lancers have produced three International players: Major T. W. Kirkwood played in 1924, Major E. G. Atkinson in 1924 and 1927, and Captain C. E. Pert in 1927. During the last season two British cavalry regiments have come to the front—the 15th/19th Hussars, who reached the finals of the Inter-Regimental for the second time, and the 10th Hussars, who won the Subalterns' Cup. More anon about this when this news has had time to elaborate itself.

* * * * *

The decision of Hurlingham not to open its gates to the general public on Saturdays, and on days when the big events of the season happen, has brought me rather a spate of letters from enthusiasts who are indignant at this exclusion. The decision has been come to solely on the grounds of economy and with a view to saving the extra expenses entailed by having to arrange for extra police and staff for controlling the parking of cars, special teas, advertising, bands, etc., and is not due to what some of the people who have written seem to imagine. The actual receipts from tickets never covered expenses, and though, personally, I should like to see all polo free everywhere, if the public is invited to any club ground a certain definite outlay in the directions indicated is inevitable. Whether the world walks in free or not arrangements have to be made for its

accommodation and safety. When better times come, as come they will, Polo G.H.Q., I am authorized to say, will be only too willing to fling wide the doors again and cheerfully face any financial loss which that may entail. One correspondent, a lady, is very cross, and says that she is "seething with indignation" because she, a great enthusiast, will not be able to go and watch polo at Hurlingham this season. In part of her interesting letter this lady writes:—

Hurlingham, having given a lead in the right direction, should have sufficient vision to carry it through. I don't think one really loses, either individually or as a body, by being generous sometimes and having thought for others. And I am perfectly certain that even the most "sticky" member could not truthfully say that he had suffered very severe inconvenience by having the public there for about ten days of the year. It is not want of "vision" but want of £ s. d., and I am sure that this enthusiast will re-arrange her ideas and cease to "seethe" when she understands the facts. Tickets to sit in the stands can always be got through members, and though there is an obvious retort to this, there is usually a way of arranging things and getting over little difficulties. It is expense, and nothing but expense, which is the present difficulty.

* * * * *

Another correspondent writes, and I think it is best to publish parts of his letter:—

In fairness to the public, Hurlingham must realize that they did very little to make the games known last season. Although I do not imagine that polo would ever become a great "gate drawer" in England, there are many men and women who love the game, and to whom the throwing open of Hurlingham for those few weeks was a real joy. If they do not want the bother of keeping gate accounts, why not turn that side over to Hay's or one of the libraries, letting them run the whole thing?



Howard Barrett
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Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 262

assured verdict. We tend, perhaps, less to think of him as the creator of a full-sized he-man's car. Yet in the Isis there is ample proof that the great inspiration is truly comprehensive. I have just been trying an Isis saloon, and it has left me full of admiration. I have never heard it acclaimed to be a "sports" car, yet it is a fact that on a test circuit I averaged, without having to shut my mouth to keep my heart in, but a decimal point under 48 m.p.h., which is a jolly sight better than most speedsters could do. But this Isis saloon is built for comfort, and it achieves its object. In my little note-book, in which many horrible facts are logged, the Isis goes down amongst the few, the very few, names of cars that are very much better than they pretend to be. No pun is intended when I declare that most of that booklet shows that there are many frogs that try to blow themselves up into the semblance of oxen. I shall certainly, one day soon, take an Isis away for a long run, for after a hundred miles I parted with it with a pang. It has the "essential guts," and it is still smooth, it is insidiously luxurious, and yet it is full of ginger. But best of all it will average magnificently without

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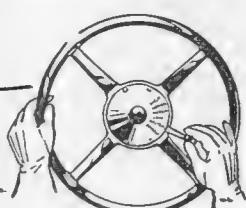
The new Southern Railway night service to Paris via Folkestone and Dunkerque has shortened the trip by two hours. The three ships, *Alsacien*, *Picard*, and *Flamand*, are fast well-found boats and most comfortable in every way. Dunkerque is well worth visiting, as also is that pleasant and adjacent spot, St. Malo Les Bains, a view of whose plage is given on the right



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demanding an unduly high ultimate speed. If it is to be granted, which is reasonable, that the nearer a car's average speed is to its maximum the better car it is, then the Isis occupies a place in which it has little rivalry to fear. Sir William makes, or sponsors, so many cars that I have almost lost count of them; but the Isis is one that I am never likely to forget. A grand British engineering job.

* * *

And Another.

It was probably at school that I read about someone who "nursed the pinion that impelled the steel," or something to that effect. Of this I was reminded when I learned that Vauxhall Motors, the pioneer firm of Luton (I drove one of their cars six-and-twenty years ago), had taken over, on their own account, the distribution organization up at Hendon that formerly belonged to their allies, General Motors Corporation. Let us not bother our heads about causation and effect, but rather rejoice in the news that an enterprise which is so essentially British in its employment of British brains, British labour, and British material has so splendidly established itself.

W. G. A.

Touring in Ireland, which has shown a steady increase for the past few years, will be promoted still further by the announcement of the publication of a comprehensive Road Book of Ireland by the Automobile Association. This book of 400 pages is a companion volume to the A.A. Road Book of England and Wales, and represents the result of several years' work. There is a special section devoted to regional touring with maps in colour.

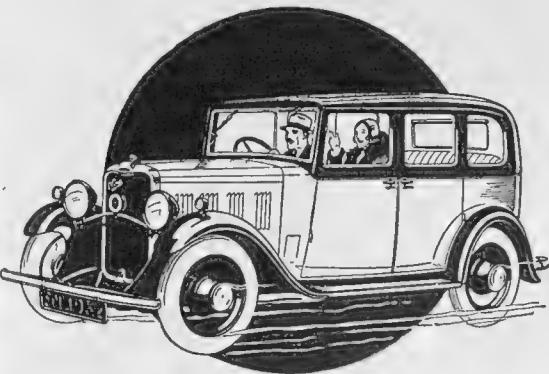


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If you want an Easy-running Mower**

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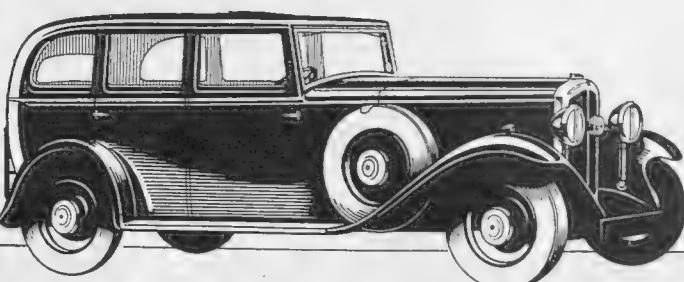
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for a young woman who has had a very sad youth. She was engaged to a man who died shortly after the engagement, and she became very ill but later resumed her



THE HOTEL BELLEVUE, DRESDEN

This bird's-eye view of Dresden shows a part of the old city with the Elbe river, the Brühl Terraces, and on the left side of them the Bellevue Hotel (the large building with the light front). Besides this can be seen the famous Dresden Opera House, the well-known Zwinger and the old castle, with the white top to its tower

former work and struggled to carry on. She eventually collapsed again and had a nervous breakdown. Her parents are very difficult people and she has been living with an aunt who, however, imposes on her willingness to make herself useful. The doctor advises at least one month's rest in a convalescent home on the south coast, and we are most anxious to give her the chance of renewed health. Her only income is 10s. weekly from their insurance. £4 is needed altogether to give her this rest and change and we ask for contributions towards this sum.

A venture which promises to bring new life to the theatre if it is emulated in other quarters started on May 2 at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, when the new and appropriately named revue, *Between Ourselves*, made its first

bow. This show has been not only written, composed, and produced, but also financed by the artistes taking part, so that each player, while consenting to accept a minimum salary, will have a share of the profits. The members of the company involved in this ambitious scheme are all well known on the musical comedy and variety stage, and some of them are popular wireless favourites including Barry Lupino, Billy Mayerl, Bobby Comber, and others.

The "First of June" Ball (Derby night) in aid of the International League against the Export of Horses for Butchery and the Old War Horse Fund is being held at the Dorchester, Park Lane. There will be dancing from 10 to 3 to music provided by the Embassy Band. A hundred-guinea evening coat, kindly given by Mr. W. W. Reville-Terry, may be won for a 2s. 6d. ticket, and a numbered lucky horseshoe counterfoil will be attached to each ticket sold and will entitle the ticket holder to a chance of winning a valuable prize. Tickets are two guineas each, including champagne supper and buffet, and may be obtained from the Ball secretary, 7, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

The picture in this issue, "The Underground," by Mr. T. C. Dugdale, is exhibited in this year's Academy.



MISS ESTHER RALSTON FOR THE PALLADIUM

Miss Ralston is making her first stage appearance when she goes on for two weeks at the Palladium on May 23. She was originally a Ziegfeld Folly, then went to the films, where she had a good success



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START THESE STORIES . . .

and you'll find it hard to stop.

"I once saw a bunch of wicked women in Paris at the Bal Tabarin. I thought, and hoped, that they represented the limit of wickedness. I believed, with a faith more ardent and certainly more impassioned than that of any Plymouth Brother, that Paris was the antechamber to the Pit.

Then I discovered America.

No, it was not Columbus. Columbus knew nothing of Cupid so far as the historians inform us, though there was something funny about that room in the Alhambra, where the two met ostensibly for Isabella to give to him his letters of marque, and which I visited a few months ago. 'Cuties' and cuticle, those only remaining articles for which there is steady demand in these days of depression in the Land of Hope and Glory, Columbus never knew. And as for Paris, that bedizened old Jezebel has 'nothing on' New York—New York herself, that very tired virgin, often having less than nothing.

Thirteen years have I studied Pilgrim Fathers, Pilgrim Mothers (now 'red-hot Mommas'), Anthony Comstocks, 'leg-shows,' Salvation Army shelters, ballrooms of the 'Four Hundred,' ditto of the hundred millions where you touch the light fantastic with the hostess at ten cents a go, professional pet-preachers, chorus girls, gangster queens, semi-demimondaines, and 'three-quarter virgins.'

And I have paid the price—oh, my God! how have I not paid!

I enter the wickedly snug bachelor quarters of the little wild-eyed man who is perhaps the world's first dramatic critic. . . ."

In "CUPID, 'CUTIES' AND CUTICLE!" by Shaw Desmond.

There are these, too, in . . .

"ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN" by C. Fox Smith
 "HANDCUFFS" by Louis Kaye
 "AMONG THE MORMONS IN SALT LAKE CITY," by Harold J. Shepstone
 "NIGHT LIFE AT THE ZOO" by E. G. Boulenier
 "BIG BUSINESS," by Gordon Beckles
 "EIGHT YEAR LIMIT" by Mollie Panter Downes
 "QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" by F. Matania, R.I.
 "OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE" by Hannen Swaffer
 BOOKS: Reviewed by Arnold Palmer
 "RED SUNSET LAND" by Beatrice Grimshaw

"A white rat; that was how his host, Colonel Fairbright, thought of him. Clement had realised that on the afternoon of his arrival, and he had realised it without the slightest tinge of resentment. Now, as he lay basking in a canvas chair, he was definitely glad that his host should think of him in just that way.

Colonel Fairbright was so perfect of his type. He was tall, spare and flat-backed. His manner was polite and reserved. He was kindly without understanding. He was always at his ease. He seemed unquestionably of the upper class; yet, as was common enough in such cases, his family had emerged, by means of industrialism, only some two or three generations ago. His dignity was obviously natural. Everything about him was natural. But none of it would have been natural, nor could have been, in any one of the world which had been Clement's own.

To Clement, little more than half the age of his host, a playwright almost from earliest manhood, and therefore of necessity interested in human beings, Colonel Fairbright was a permanent delight. He had known the type, of course. He had known it first from stage versions. He had come, as he rose on the bubble of success, to meet it in the houses to which he was invited. But this was the first time he had had the chance to watch it over any length of time, and at his ease.

Now, without indeed being very conscious of doing so, he was taking in Colonel Fairbright . . ."

In "THE WHITE RAT," by Geoffrey Moss.

"The reaction of the public to some of the more important films shown this spring is interesting. When I say the public, I do not mean the newspaper reviewers; but the audiences themselves. I was struck by the difference in the audiences at two 'big' pictures, very unlike each other, which happened to be running in London at the same time: 'Hell Divers' and 'Shanghai Express.' I thereafter and therefore gave some observation to the matter and came to the conclusion that men and women like quite different films and that, contrary to the fairly generally accepted theory, that women revel in he-men's manliness on the screen, and that men naturally 'fall for' the supernal charms of languorous and lovely women stars, it is the other way about: men revel in what I should describe as *male* films, and it is women who form the majority of the fans of the exquisite Dietrich, the brilliant Garbo and the winsome Gaynor . . ."

In "THE FANS AND THEIR FANATICISM," by Sydney Tremayne.

GIVEN AWAY
with this issue
This fine signed Por-
trait of CLARK GABLE



"A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY" by Winifred Lewis
 "THE CONVERSION OF GENISTA" by Owen Archer
 "NOW LOOK AT SWEDEN" by Antonia White
 "WHAT TO WEAR IN THE MORNINGS" by Olive Rinder
 "A CHOICE OF AFTERNOON COSTUMES"
 "SMART FASHIONS FOR THE BEACH"
 "A NEO-VICTORIAN FLAT"
 "A SUMMER DRESS AND COAT"
 "MODERN PATCHWORK"
 "WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH"
 "THOSE CHILDISH COMPLAINTS" by Peggy Winifred Yeomans
 "ENTERTAINING IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER" by A. H. Adair

THE MAY

BRITANNIA AND EVE

RACING AT CHESTER

MISS REISS AND MRS. PAT
MOOLEYBRIG.-GENERAL H. A. TOMKINSON AND THE
MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGEMISS MONICA SHERRIFFE AND
MR. HARRY BROWN

The racing at the little round course called The Roodee is always pleasant even if some people think that we ought not to take the form as bed-rock reliable, because some horses which are racehorses on the turn are very much otherwise elsewhere. Bulandshar's win in The Vase may have put the Aga Khan's Dastur's stock up for the Derby. Brig.-General H. A. Tomkinson, who is with Lady Cambridge, is His Majesty's new racing manager. Mr. Harry Brown, who is with Miss Monica Sherriffe, is the famous trainer and G.R.

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Triumph Motor Company, Limited, Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W. 1.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and practical information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road, and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

Enquiries should be addressed to—

"THE SPHERE'S" TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2

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LEWIS STONE and NEIL HAMILTON.

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with JEAN HARLOW,
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No Medicine. Simply a plaster to be worn as directed
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...dropped in at Pamela's for a cocktail — her new flat in Berkeley Square, you know. All very charming and modern. Her parlour maid looked so smart I hardly recognised her when she opened the door! She seemed to fit in with her new surroundings so marvellously. Pamela says she's just bought her some new

Aprons, caps and dresses

from Garrould's, the people that advertise in "The Tatler." As you know, Pamela has a positive gift for going to the right place for everything. When I got back my maids seemed appallingly dowdy, so I'm ringing Garrould's for their new catalogue, "Ambassadors of the Host." One must brighten things up for the Season! Expensive? . . . not a bit, Pamela says.

Garrould's

E. & R. Garrould Ltd. (Dept. T.15), 150-162, Edgware Rd.,
Marble Arch, W.2.

The illustration shows:—
Apron No. T199, 2/1½ and Cap No. T19, 1/1½

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The receipt of the above letter resulted in our discovering a very limited number of sets of these world-famous cartoons, which to-day have lost none of their clever, though grim, humour. Now is your opportunity to secure one of these sets for your "den," and for your boys to see the kind of humour that helped us through the War. These pictures are ideal for presentation for decorative purposes in Ex-Service Men's Clubs.

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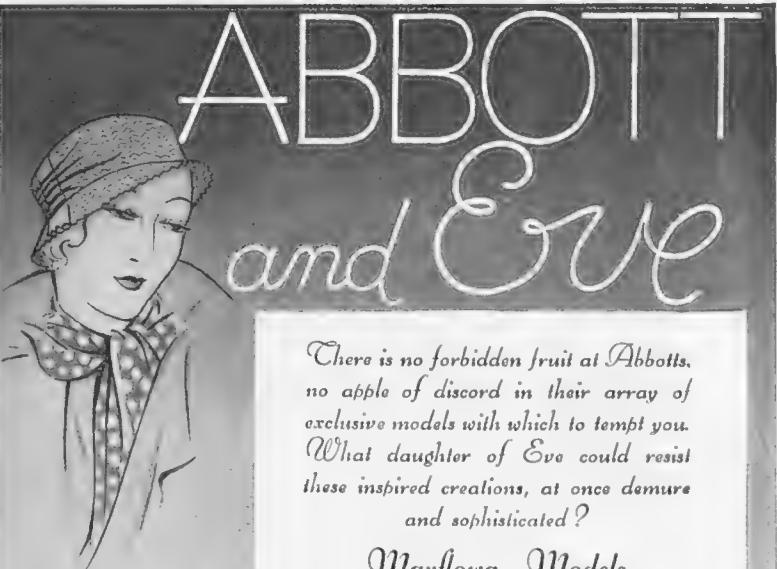
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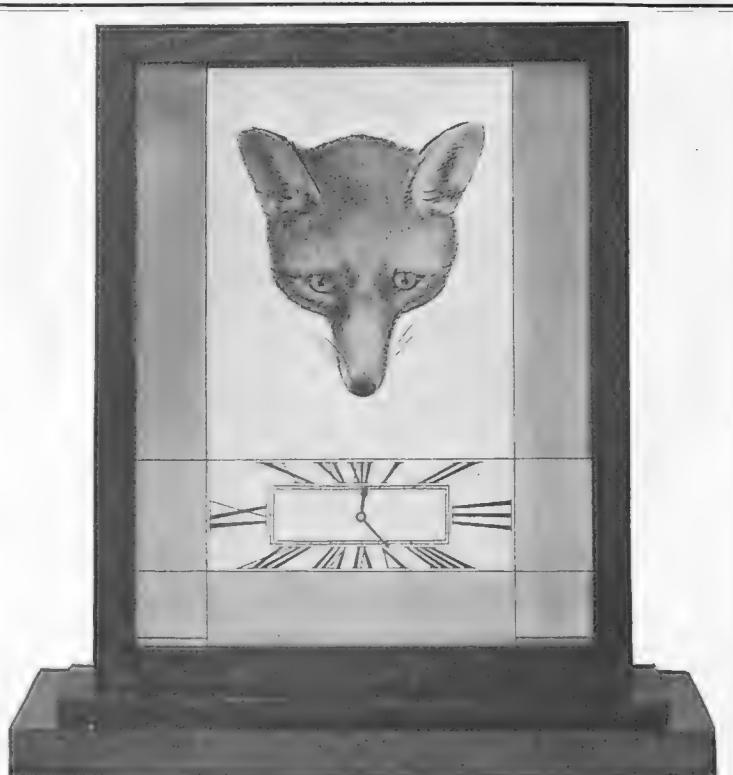


'Tis the Little Things that Count in Beauty's World

Scientific beauty culture means the care of the beauty that Nature has given to everyone at birth in a greater or lesser degree. It not only improves the figure and the complexion, but also the health, nerves and spirits; even the eyes may be made stronger and clearer. Eleanor Adair, 30, Old Bond Street, the renowned British beauty specialist realizes that it is not possible for everyone to visit her salons, therefore she has evolved a complete home treatment—a casket containing the necessary preparations and full directions costs 1 guinea. There is the chin strap, which removes double chins and keeps the face in shape, the muscle oil strengthens the exhausted tissues and invigorates sagging muscles; the skin tonic tones and strengthens the skin, closes the open pores, and is soothing to the eyes; and then there is the Eastern cream which cleanses and nourishes the skin. She would be pleased to send her illustrated brochure gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. As many women suffer from superfluous hairs, attention must be drawn to the Dara home treatment for their removal—a complete outfit is 10s. 6d. It is not a depilatory, as it really removes the hairs by the roots.



Never neglect Nature, but co-operate with her, is the advice of Eleanor Adair, the renowned British authority on beauty at 30, Old Bond Street. Her Ganesh Treatments and Preparations really do the work that is claimed for them. The Eastern Muscle Oil removes premature lines, and if used in conjunction with the Diable Skin Tonic strengthens the muscles and adds tone to the skin

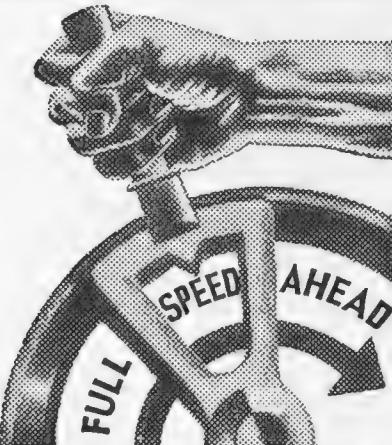


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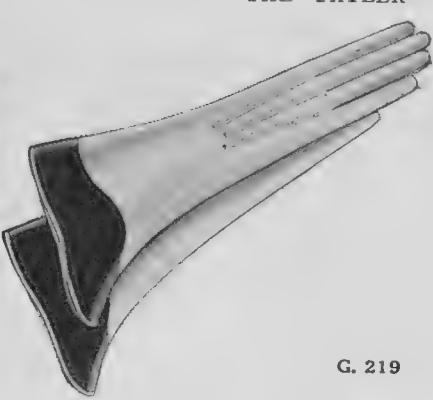
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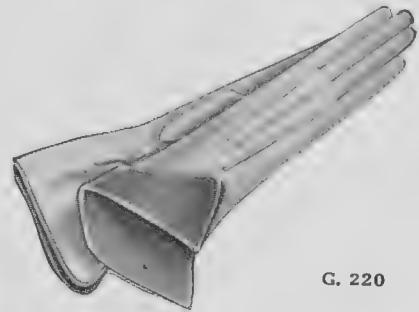
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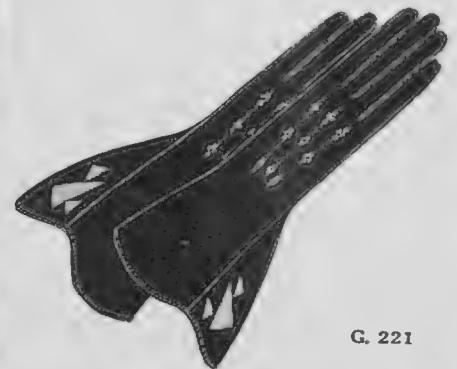
G. 219

New shape Sac Glove in White and Black Washable English Doeskin. A smart but useful, perfect fitting glove of exceptional value.

PRICE **6/11**

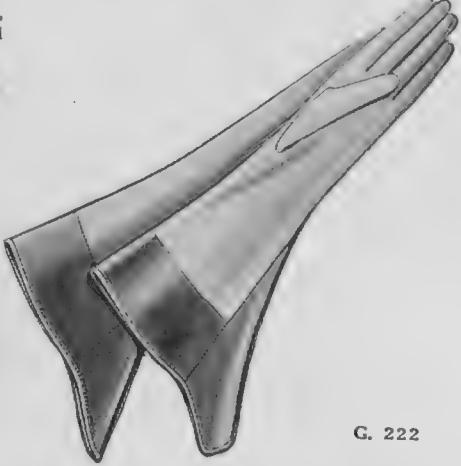
G. 220

Charming new style in coloured Piqué sewn Washable Doeskin Sac Gloves, made from first choice skins, with contrasting double cuff which can be worn turned back if desired. Best British make. Available in Putty, Beaver, Beige, New Green, or Grey.

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G. 221

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G. 222

Reynier's Fine Washable French Suede 6½-inch Gauntlets with the new wide side gusset and top in contrasting shade of leather. Available in Putty/Suntan or Light Beaver/Brown.

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One such as this in white Cashmere fleece—or its twin in a white Wool fleece . . . so light and draught-proof for the 'better spots' on the Boat-Deck. While cut for comfort, this steamer-coat refuses to be merely loose-fitting—and its lines fall into slim and definite shapeliness. Whereupon the Rödex scores points—for back on terra-firma it has all the jaunty chic of the Seaside Coat and will be a much coveted possession for River and Tennis wear. From all Fashion Shops and Stores.

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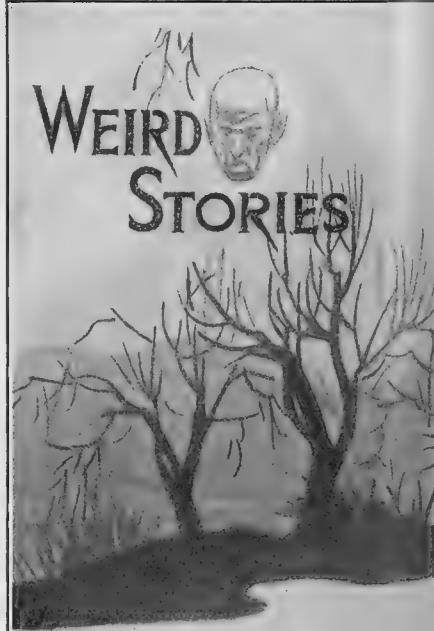
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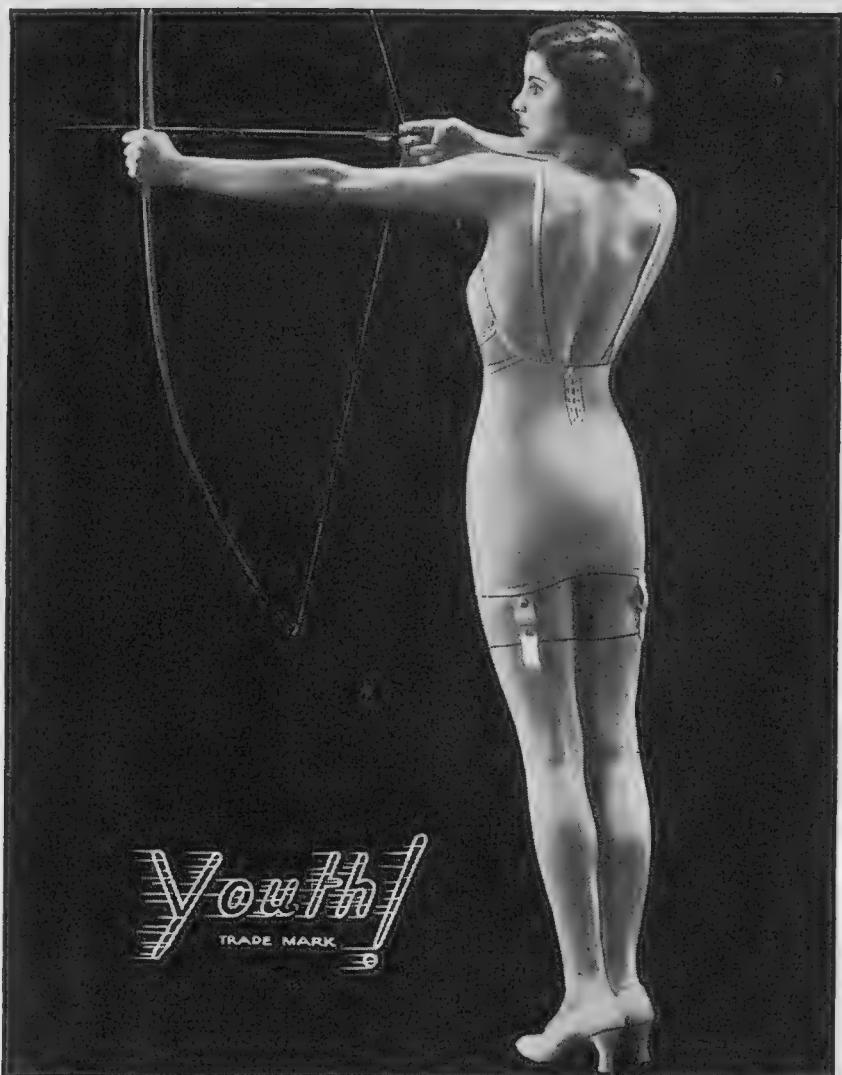
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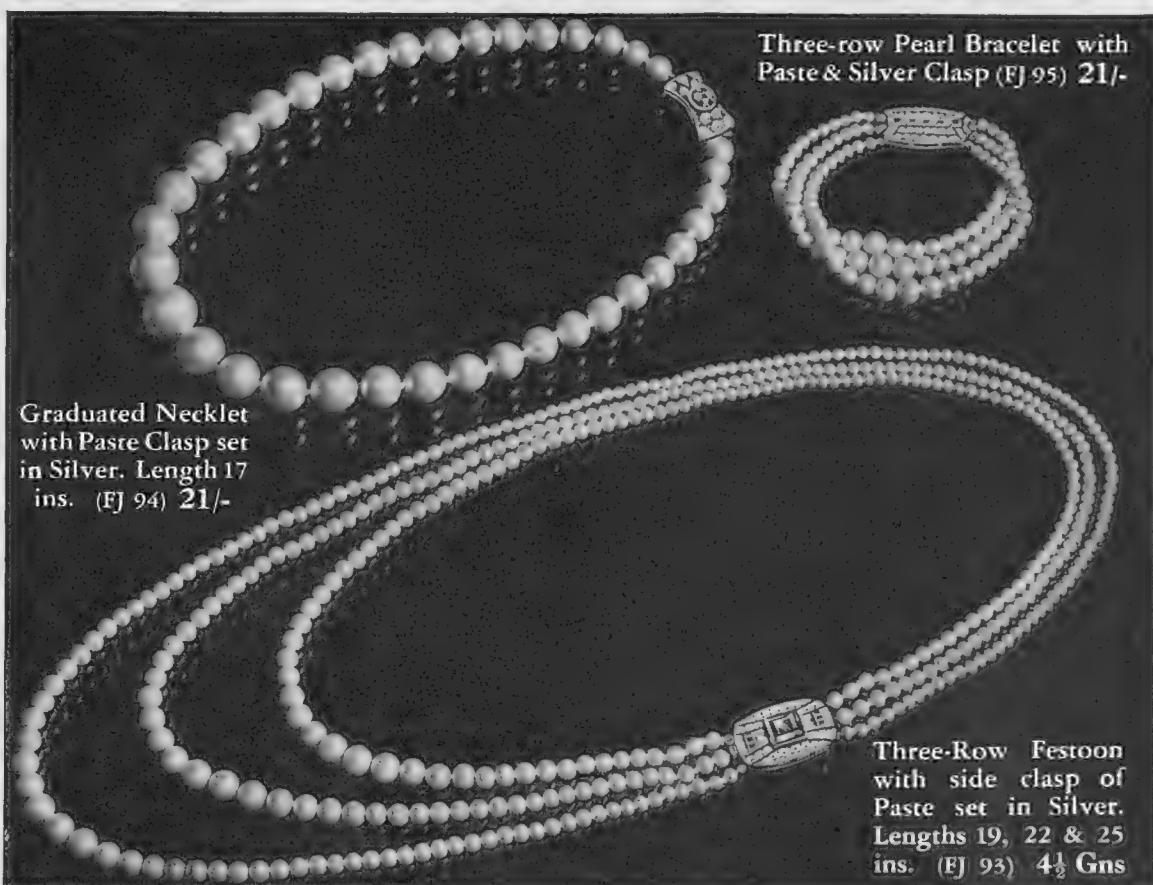
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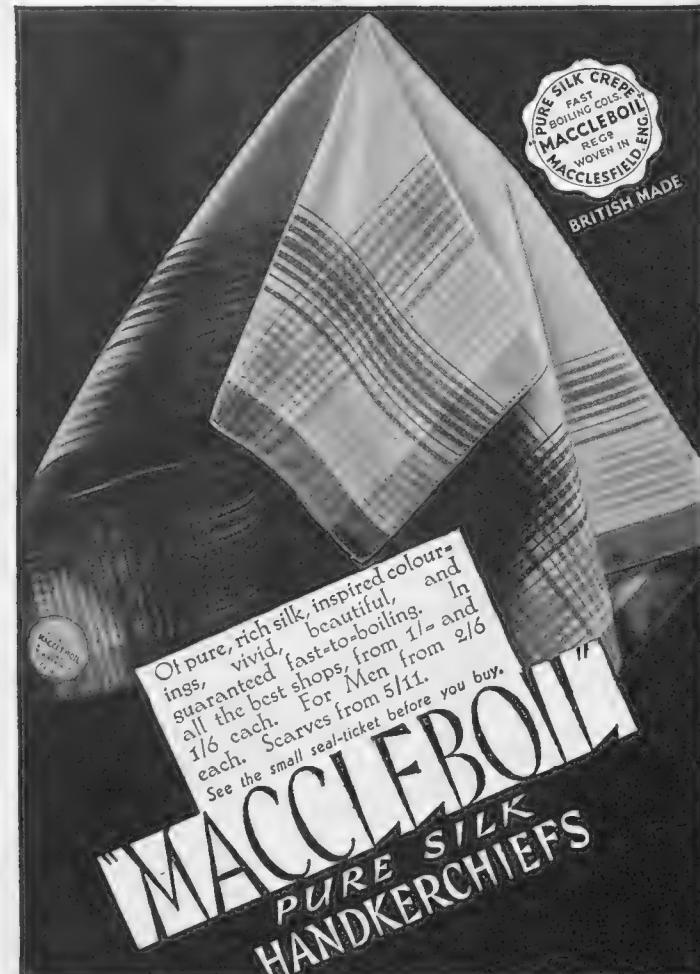
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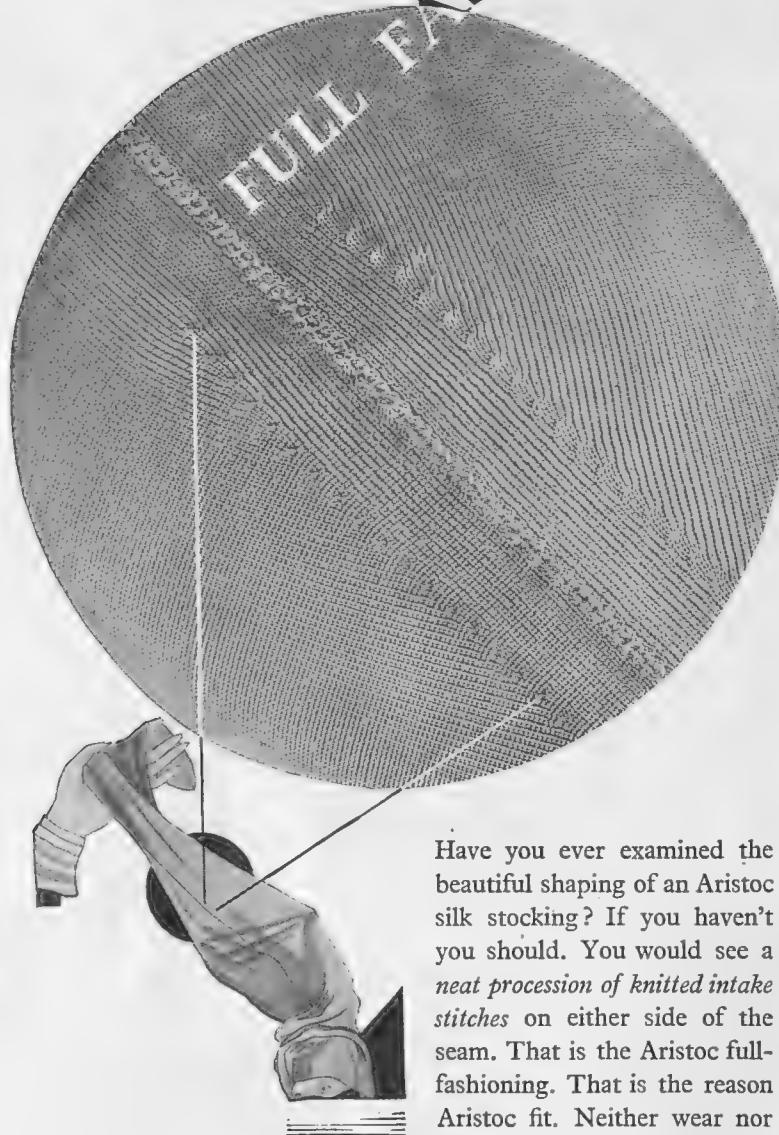
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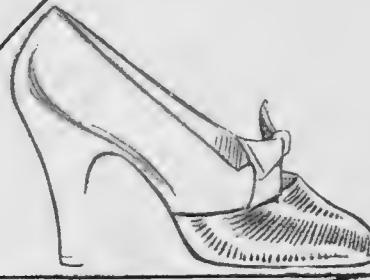
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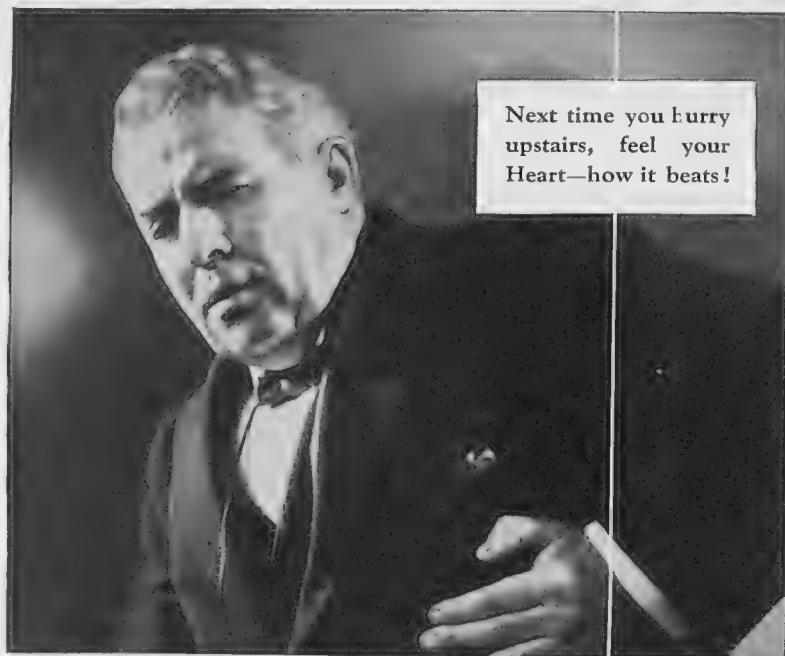
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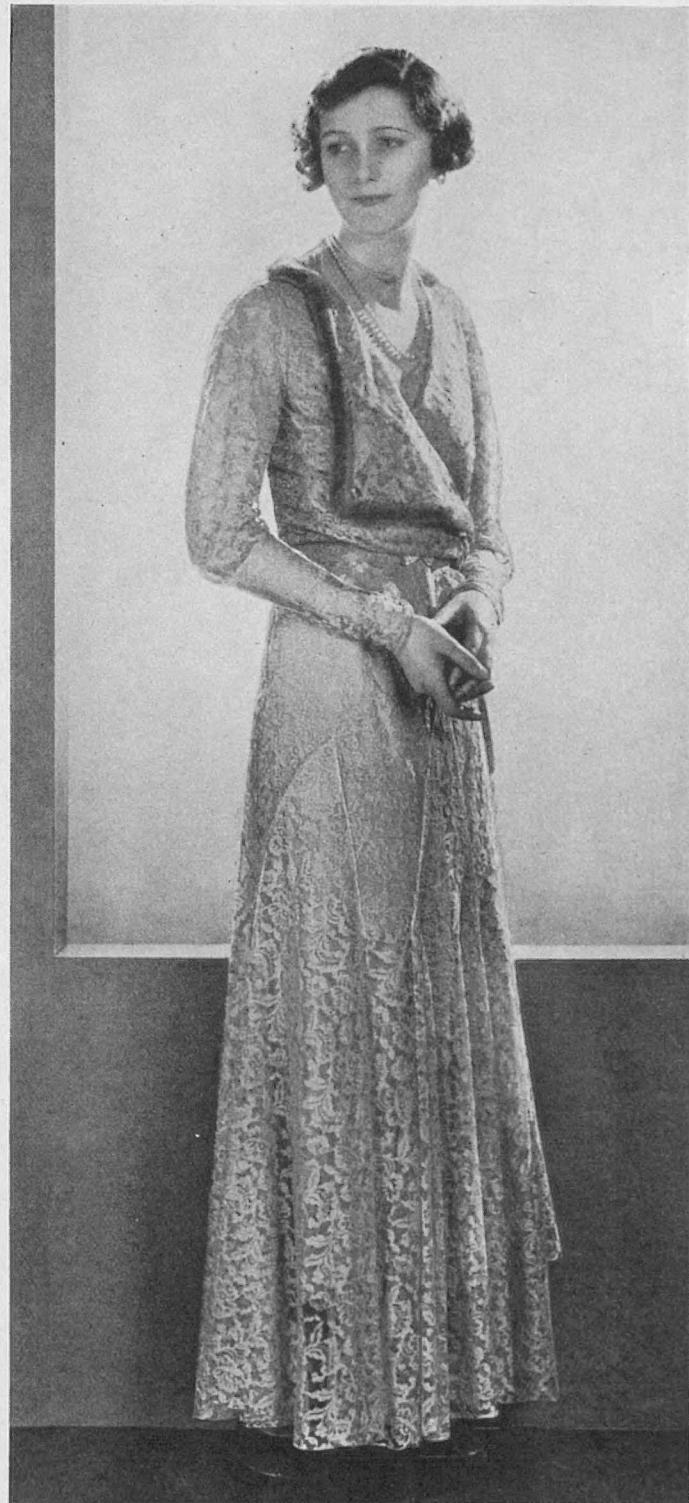
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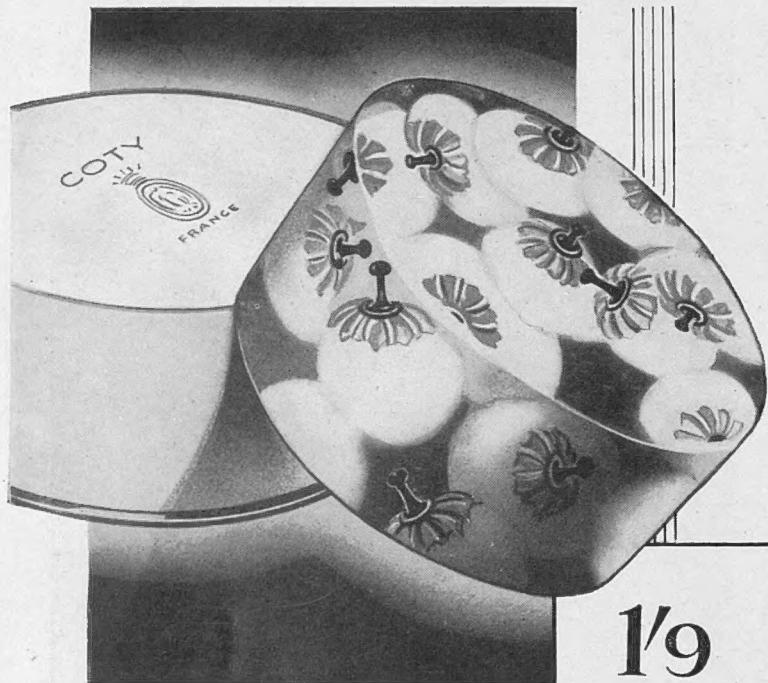
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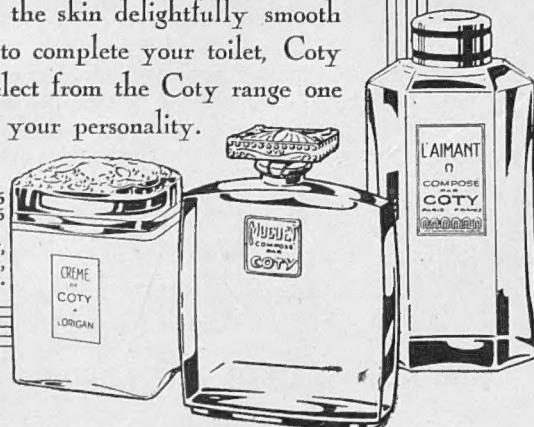
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